



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HAYDON BRIDGE
AND
DISTRICT.

Northampton
8 145

l/n
4/6

Bodleian



Library

1

HISTORICAL NOTES
OF
HAYDON BRIDGE
AND DISTRICT,

BY
WILLIAM LEE,

HAYDON BRIDGE.

HEXHAM:
HERALD OFFICE, BLACK BULL YARD.

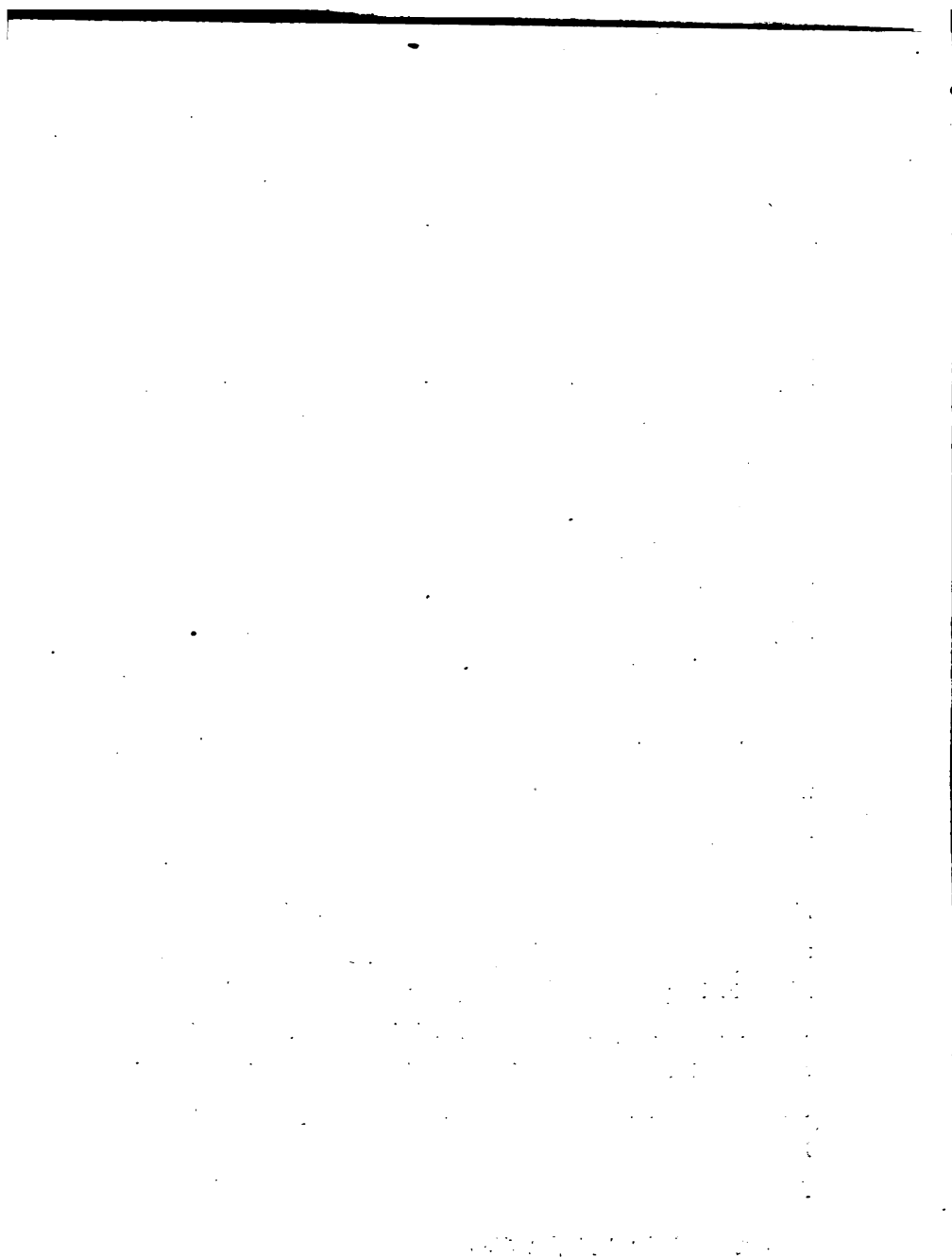
—
1876.



PREFACE.

IN tendering the following pages to the notice of the public, the Author is sensible that there may exist many shortcomings, and that much may have been omitted deserving of notice, but he has simply endeavoured to give a concise and faithful account of the many events that have occurred in and around his native village, believing that they will prove useful as a record, and be not altogether uninteresting, as showing the progress made in the moral and material condition of the inhabitants. He does not presume to place it before them as a literary work. It is, briefly, the "short and simple annals" of the place wherein he has passed a not unobservant lifetime ; and if his production be the means of affording pleasure to the thoughtful, adding zeal to the youthful mind, or whiling away a pleasant hour with tale, legend, or quaint history of past life—when no man or his cattle were safe from the marauding moss-troopers—it will have amply repaid him for all labour in its production. In fact, to parody the remark of one whose love of money was the chief trait in an otherwise admirable character—if the reader obtains as much real pleasure in perusing these pages as the Author had in collating and producing them, he will be gratified to think that his labours have not been without fruit.

Haydon Bridge, September, 1876.



HISTORICAL NOTES

OF

HAYDON BRIDGE AND DISTRICT.

HAYDON.

The chapelry of Haydon, the property of the Lords of the Admiralty and others, is divided into four quarters or divisions, viz., Brokenheugh, Lipwood, Deanraw, and Elrington. It contains 13,688 acres, and its rateable value at the present time is £20,264 5s. 6d. The number of its inhabitants in 1801 was 1,084; in 1811, 1,347; in 1821, 1,574; in 1831, 1,746; in 1841, 1,908; in 1851, 2,085; in 1861, 2,221; and in 1871, 2,299 souls. In 1861 the village of Haydon Bridge contained 826, and in 1871, 907; and during the last ten years ending 31st March, 1871, there have been in the chapelry—births, 769; deaths, 443; excess of births, 326. The manor of Haydon was formerly the property of Anthony, Lord Lucy, of Cockermouth, who, in 1344, obtained a charter from Edward III., in which permission was granted to hold a weekly market on Tuesdays, and an annual fair on the feast of St. Mary Magdalene and the three following days, but these privileges have long been in abeyance. The chapelry extends from near Stubblick on the south to Sewingshields on the north, and from Whitechapel on the west to Capon Wood on the east, being upwards of nine miles from the two former points, and rather over five from the latter. The register of the chapelry commenced in 1654.

HAYDON BRIDGE.

The etymology of Haydon Bridge may be easily traced, the words evidently being derived from Haydon, *haga*, *a.s.*, an enclosed place,—the old village, which stands a little to the north-east on a commanding eminence—and the bridge that spans the river, connecting, as it were, the two sections of the present village, which resembles in a great measure the letter H. Little is left of Haydon save its antique church and a few scattered dwellings, but it is curious to note how, as times became more settled, and the fierce forays of freebooters ceased, the population have gradually settled down in the present site, its greater convenience for industrial pursuits no doubt recommending it in preference to its more inaccessible prototype, whose chief virtue may have been its ecrie-

like position, whence friends or foes could be easily seen. Haydon Bridge is about 30 miles west of Newcastle, on the Carlisle section of the North-Eastern Railway, and stands at the foot of lofty hills, which tower away northward, and is also bounded on the south by the hills of Hamildon. To the east and west is the flat and fertile vale through which the Tyne runs. From Bush Fell, a little eastward, a splendid view may be obtained of the village, fully realizing the apostrophe of the poet Akenside :—

O ! ye dales of Tyne
And ancient woodlands, where,
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view

a scene of unrivalled beauty and peacefulness, with its fine woodland and pastoral scenery, and the towering grandeur of the hills, at the foot of which the Tyne pleasantly meanders in its serpentine course, now seen, and now lost amid flowery meadows and wood-fringed banks, a beauty greatly enhanced when the soft golden beams of a sunset lie over the scene. In Haydon Bridge itself there is little of interest for the antiquarian or pleasure-seeker. It is a quiet agricultural village, with little to vary the monotonous details of daily life. There are no stirring fairs, no weekly markets, to infuse bustle and activity, and it has none of those elements of outward life to disturb the normal quietude that broods over it. Its local annals are, however, not devoid of interest, of which the surrounding district possesses more than a common share. The river is crossed by a handsome stone bridge of six arches. In Camden's time, 1599, it was a wooden one, and out of repair. The church is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and is a plain, neat edifice, with a square tower, finished with a quadrangular spire, and erected in 1796. The living is a curacy in the presentation of W. B. Beaumont, Esq., M.P.—Rev. G. W. Holmes, curate. The tithes were commuted in 1839; aggregate amount, £700 16s. 7d. There are six places of worship, viz.: The Church of England, Wesleyans, Independents, Primitive Methodists, United Methodist Free Church, and Catholics, and what seems rather singular, they are all on the north side of the village. There is also a mortuary chapel, a small but neat building. The new burial ground contains an acre and a half of land, and was presented by the Lords of the Admiralty. The cost of erecting the chapel was nearly £500. It was consecrated on March 20, 1871. Since that time 200 bodies have been interred. The grave-yard attached to the church in the village was consecrated on the 10th of July, 1796, and nearly three thousand interments have been made in it during the seventy-five years it has been in use. Interments take place occasionally at the old church at Haydon, which was built about the year 1100. This old hallowed pile, which has stood the storms of nearly 800 years, has only been roughly handled by mischievous boys. The Independent chapel was erected in 1818, but having become too small, a new one

was built, the foundation stone of which was laid by the late lamented John Grey, Esq., Lipwood House, on June 29, 1863. The Rev. J. S. T. W. Smith is minister. The Wesleyan Chapel was erected in 1817; becoming too small, a very neat one has been built, and was opened on June 10, 1874, by Dr. James of London. The United Methodist Free Church was erected in 1856, the opening of which took place on November 8, by the Rev. James Everett of Sunderland. The Primitive Methodist Chapel was built in 1863. The Catholic Chapel was completed in 1873. The Grammar School was founded by deed of the Rev. John Shaftoe, in 1685, and regulated by Acts of Parliament (25 George III., and 59 George III). It is governed by seven trustees, who have the right of appointing the master and ushers, the former of whom must be a Master of Arts and a clergyman in priest's orders. The instruction prescribed by the founder embraces grammar and classical learning, writing, arithmetic, geography, navigation, and mathematics, and such other literature as the trustees shall think proper. By the Act, 25 George III., a girls' school was engrafted on the original foundation, for teaching girls reading, writing, arithmetic, knitting, &c. It is free to boys and young men, and girls born resident in the chapelry of Haydon, or at Woodshields in the chapelry of Newbrough. There are also two other schools in this chapelry—one at Deanraw, erected by the Commissioners of the Greenwich Hospital, in 1852, the other at Grindon, erected by subscription. They receive £20 each per annum from the Lords of the Admiralty and the Trustees of Shaftoe's Charity. The following are the names of those who have fulfilled the duties of head-master at the Haydon Bridge Grammar School, and when appointed :—Rev. Mr. Rotheram; Rev. Mr. Harrison; 1782, Rev. Wm. Hall; 1805, Rev. Wm. Fleming; 1810, Rev. Thomas Tatham; 1821, Rev. Samuel R. Hartley; 1826, Rev. James Birkett; 1834, Rev. George Richmond; 1865, Rev. William L. Pendered. Towards the close of the year 1875 several meetings were held in furtherance of a scheme to establish a middle-class school or agricultural college, in which it was sought to utilize a portion of the funds of the Haydon Charity, but after being resolutely opposed by the inhabitants, and meeting with only indifferent support from the class it was sought to benefit, the scheme collapsed. In addition to the Grammar School, Mr. Shaftoe founded and endowed almshouses for twenty poor persons, each of whom receives 3s. per week with a supply of coals, also a coat or gown as the case may be. The alms people are appointed by the trustees, who select such aged and infirm men or women as appear to be proper objects of the charity. A library and news-room were established (1836) in a room at the south side of the village, but in 1841 a new building was erected by public subscription. The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows founded a lodge on January 1st, 1840. There are at the present time 185 members upon the books, and the society is worth £3,000. The Haydon Bridge Iron Works were established in 1843, and are the property of William

Benson, Esq., Allerwash House. This gentleman has extensive works at Fourstones and Prudham, and employs a large number of men. He is brother of the late Mr. John Benson, of Grindon Hill, who will long be remembered for his many good qualities. In Mr. Benson the poor lost a kind friend. In this district many rare specimens of British ferns may be found. The following plants may also be found in the same locality :—French willow, melancholy thistle, butterfly orchis, aromatic orchis, frog satyrion, and brownish dwarf willow. At Broomley Lake is the white water lily, and at the Muckle Moss is the wild rosemary. Space forbids us to mention more plants, as the varieties which may be found here are very numerous. A burn, known as the Esphill Burn, which empties itself into the Tyne at the east end of the village—and whose bed is limestone—teems with the remains of a former state of nature, so interesting to the geologist. Some years ago a petrified birds' nest containing four eggs was found; also a petrified whin bush which the nest occupied. They were discovered in a place called the Backcleugh, a little to the north of Chesterwood. We have in this district a fair proportion of the feathered tribe. The bittern, a rare bird in our part, pays us an occasional visit. Some time ago one of these birds was shot near Grindon. The immediate neighbourhood is dotted with villas and farms, and is rich in vegetation. The locality is healthy, as evidence of which we have some very old people residing here. Nor is Haydon Bridge without its men of note—a historical painter, a traveller, a divine, and a philanthropist having been born here. It can also boast of its Spa Well, only less renowned than Gilsland. The scenery in this district is most pleasing—deep bushy dells, shady groves, and pleasant walks abounding.

Below we give copies of the foundation deed of Haydon Bridge Schools and Mr. John Shaftoe's will :—

THE FOUNDATION DEED OF HAYDON BRIDGE SCHOOLS.

This indenture, made seventeenth day of June, in the first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord James the Second, by the Grace of God of England, France, and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c., Anno Dom., 1685, between John Shaftoe, of Nether Warden, in the County of Northumberland, clerk, of the one part; and William Shaftoe, of Cary-Coates, in the said county, gent., nephew of the said John Shaftoe; John Armstrong, of Wood Shields, in the said county, gent.; John Bacon, of Staward, in the said county, gent.; Farrer Armstrong, son of the said John Armstrong; Nicholas Maughan, of Whinnitley, in the said county, yeoman; and John Atkinson, of Haydon Bridge, in the said county, yeoman; and Ralph Shaftoe, of the other part. Witnesseth, that the said John Shaftoe for the settling of the messuages, lands, and tenements hereinafter mentioned, to the honour and glory of Almighty God, in the education and knowledge of His word; and for and towards the maintenance of poor distressed Protestant families; and for putting out to apprentices poor children; and for divers other good causes and valuable considerations, him the said John Shaftoe hereunto moving, hath granted, alienated, sold, released, and confirmed (and by these presents doth for himself and his heirs grant, alien, sell, release, and confirm), unto the said William Shaftoe, John Armstrong, John Bacon, Farrer Armstrong, Nicholas Maughan, John Atkinson, and

Ralph Shaftoe, their heirs and assigns for ever, all that his manor, lordship, or capital messuage of Musphen, *alias* Mousen, with the appurtenances, and also all those towns, villages, and hamlets of Mousen and Newlands, with all lands, tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances whatsoever, to them and every of them belonging, or in anywise appertaining, situate in the Parish of Bamburgh, and County of Northumberland aforesaid; and all the tithes of corn, grain, pig, goose, calf, and all other ecclesiastical right within the manor, lordship, or capital messuage of Musphen, *alias* Mousen, and Newlands aforesaid (the tithe of wool and lamb, and the water corn-mill there, called Mousen Mill, only excepted); together with all and singular houses, edifices, buildings, barns, byers, stables, dove-coates, orchards, garths, gardens, lands, tenements, meadows, leasones, feedings, pastures, commons, and common of pasture, and turbary, wastes, waste grounds, heaths, moors, whinnes, quarrys, woods, under-woods, and trees, water, fishings, rents, reversions, services, easements, ways, paths, passages, profits, commodities, hereditaments, and appurtenances whatsoever, to the said manor, lordship, or capital messuage, messuages, townships, villages, and hamlets belonging or in anywise appertaining (or to or with the same now or at any time heretofore held, used, occupied, or enjoyed, or accepted, reputed, taken, or known to be as part, parcel, or member thereof); and the reversion, and reversions, remainder, and remainders, of all and singular the premises, and every part and parcel thereof, and all his the said John Shaftoe's estate, right, title, interest, use, possession, claim, property, and demand whatsoever of, in, and to the premises, or in any part or parcel thereof (the said William Shaftoe, John Armstrong, John Bacon, Farrer Armstrong, Nicholas Maughan, John Atkinson, and Ralph Shaftoe, being in actual possession of all and singular the premises, by virtue of a deed, or bargain and sale bearing date the day next before the date of these presents, whereby the premises are demised to them, their heirs and assigns), for the term of one whole year, to commence from the day next before the making thereof, and of the statute for transferring uses into possession, to the end that they might be enabled to take a grant, release, or confirmation thereof to them, and their heirs for ever; to have and to hold the said manor, lordship, or capital messuage, towns, townships, villages, or hamlets, messuages, lands, tenements, and premises, and all and singular other the premises above, herein, and hereby granted, alienated, released, and confirmed, or mentioned, or intended so to be, with their and every of their appurtenances, unto the said William Shaftoe, John Armstrong, John Bacon, Farrer Armstrong, Nicholas Maughan, John Atkinson, and Ralph Shaftoe, their heirs and assigns, for ever to the several uses, intents, and purposes nevertheless in these presents mentioned, exprest, and declared, and upon the several trusts hereinafter mentioned, and in them, and their assigns, reposed; (That is to say) to the use and behoof of the said John Shaftoe, and his assigns for and during the term of his natural life, without impeachment of or for any manner of waste, and from and after his death and decease, then all and singular the above mentioned premises unto the said William Shaftoe, John Armstrong, John Bacon, Farrer Armstrong, Nicholas Maughan, John Atkinson, and Ralph Shaftoe, their heirs and assigns, and the survivor or survivors of them who shall be living at the death of the said John Shaftoe, to these several intents and purposes, and upon the several trusts and confidences hereinafter mentioned in them reposed; (That is to say) upon trust and confidence in them the said William Shaftoe, John Armstrong, John Bacon, Farrer Armstrong, Nicholas Maughan, John Atkinson, and Ralph Shaftoe, and the survivors of them, and their assigns, reposed; That they the said trustees (and the survivors of them, or the major number of them, or the survivors of them who shall be living at the time of the decease of the said John Shaftoe), shall, with all the convenient speed that may be after the death of the said John Shaftoe, sett, lett, or demise all and every part of the said premises for any number of years as to them shall seem meet, reserving the full improved rents at four quarterly payments; and that they, or the survivors of them, or the

major part of them, shall annually elect and choose one of them which shall be thought most fit to receive and pay the said rents and profits, according to the disposition and appointment hereinafter expressed, which person so elected shall enter into bond to any one or more of them the said trustees (or survivor, or survivors of them), in double the computed yearly value of the said premises to the uses and purposes hereinafter mentioned, and give a just account thereof to the rest of them the said trustees (or the survivors of them, or their assigns), within one month after demand thereof, retaining for the trouble therein for the year twenty shillings, and twenty shillings more to defray his and the other trustees' expenses one whole year in meeting or otherwise concerning the trust in them reposed. And upon trust and confidence in them the said trustees (and the survivors of them, and the heirs and assigns of the survivors of them), who shall be trustees, reposed. That the said trustees (and the survivors of them and their assigns, or the major number of them), shall with one moiety of the said rents and profits of the said premises, as soon as there is sufficient, purchase a convenient parcel of land in Haydon Bridge aforesaid to themselves, and settle the same in like manner as the above said premises shall be vested at the time of the purchase thereof, and the uses herein mentioned, and shall thereupon erect and build a house for a free grammar school-house, and keep an English school, and a dwelling house for the master of the same school, and shall by a note by them (or the survivors of them), signed, elect and choose, by the advice and examination of some reverend divines, an able scholar, of the degree of Master of Arts, and of good life and conversation, approved by the Bishop or Archdeacon of the diocese, by signing the same note; and one usher to be approved of by the Minister of the parish of Warden, who shall teach and instruct any number of boys, girls, and young men who are or shall be born within the Chapelry of Haydon, or at Woodshields in the Chapelry of Newbrough, both in the parish of Warden, and County of Northumberland, and shall pay unto the usher of the same school yearly ten pounds, and no more, out of the moiety of the rents and profits of the said premises at four quarterly payments, and the residue of the moiety of the rents and profits of the same premises, the moiety of the necessary charges of gathering and receiving the same deducted, shall pay yearly to the masters of the said Grammar School, at four payments, as the same shall be had in, and received, for their maintenance and salary; and upon the like trust and confidence, that they the said trustees, and their assigns who shall be trustees, and seized of the said premises, do take security to some two of them at least, from such to keep the said house and school-house in good and sufficient reparation and leave it so in repair. And that if such master or usher, as shall at any time be choosen, shall wilfully and obstinately neglect the duty of their or either of their places, or shall become unfit for the same by any means whatsoever, that then the said trustees (and those who shall at any time hereafter be trustees and seized of the said premises or the major number of them), shall and may, by writing under their hands shewing the cause thereof, declare such master and usher to be unfit, and put him or them out, and thereupon, and upon the death of either of them, to elect another in manner aforesaid. And that the said trustees (and such who shall at any time hereafter be trustees, and seized of the same estate), shall not permit the under-master or usher to take for the teaching of any boy or girl, who shall be born within the Chapelry of Haydon and Woodshields aforesaid, above one penny for every quarter of the year for teaching and instructing them in the Latin and Greek tongues, upon pain of forfeiting and being turned out of their said places, and upon further trust in them the said trustees (and those who shall be trustees, and seized of the said premises), reposed. That if by the death of the said master and usher, or either of them, or other vacancy, the salary or stipend of the said masters, or either of them, shall lie and remain in the hands of such receiver or trustees to be chosen as aforesaid, that they shall from time to time, as

often as such accidents happen, in such vacancy of a master, therewith or with part thereof, repair, new build, or amend, the school house, and dwelling-house, to be built as aforesaid, and the clear overplus of such sums so as aforesaid coming unto the said grantees or trustees' hands, shall be by them distributed amongst the poor hereafter mentioned, and as is hereafter directed. And upon this further trust and confidence in them the said trustees (and such other persons who shall be trustees, and seized of the said premises), reposed. That they or the major number of them do, and shall pay and distribute the other moiety of the other remaining moiety, or the fourth part of the whole clear rent of the premises (a fourth of the necessary charges for receiving the same being deducted), for every half-year among poor Protestant families within the said Chapelry of Haydon and Woodshields aforesaid, according to their several necessities (or those who shall at any time be trustees or grantees, or the major number of them): and the other fourth part, the remainder of the rents and profits of the said premises, to be disposed of yearly for putting out to trades poor Protestant children, born, or to be born, within the Chapelry of Haydon, or any of the owners, tenants, or farmers at Woodshields aforesaid, at the discretion of the said trustees (or those who shall be trustees, or the major number of them): Provided always, and it is the true intent and meaning of these presents, and of all the parties hereunto, and these presents are upon the former trust and confidence in them the said trustees (and survivor or survivors of them, and in all and every other person or persons who shall be trustees and seized of the said premises), reposed. That as soon as it shall happen any three or more of the said grantees or trustees (or of any other trustees who shall at any time hereafter be seized of the above mentioned premises), shall die, then the surviving grantees or trustees shall, with all convenient speed that may be, elect and choose three or more to make up the number of seven to be trustees, and fill up the vacancy of those who are dead, and shall convey over the premises to some person or persons by them, or the major part of them, agreed on, the fee and inheritance of the said premises, who shall immediately re-convey to the old trustees, and such new trustees as shall be elected, the said premises to the use of themselves, and the said other grantees or trustees to be elected, and for the uses and benefits above in these presents mentioned and declared, and so from time to time when only four trustees are surviving. They, or such as shall survive, shall continually and with all speed join with themselves three or more other grantees or trustees of the premises in manner and form aforesaid, as by the counsel learned in the law may be advised; to the intent that the fee and inheritance of the said premises, and the rents, issues, and profits, may for ever hereafter be disposed of to the uses, intents, and purposes, and in such sort, manner, and form, as is above in these presents mentioned, expressed, and declared. And, lastly, upon this further trust and confidence in them the said trustees, and their assigns, who shall be trustees, reposed. That if it shall at any time hereafter happen any difference shall arise concerning election, or putting out of the schoolmaster, usher, scholar, poor, or objects of charity, or concerning any matter whatsoever by them to be done as trustees by virtue thereof, so that the said trustees are divided in their votes, that then the bishop or archdeacon of the diocese shall have the casting vote, and then that they the said trustees shall do and perform according as either of them shall approve of. In witness whereof the parties aforesaid to these presents interchangeably have set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

MR. JOHN SHAFTOE'S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen, I, John Shaftoe, of Nether Warden, in the County of Northumberland, clerk, being in good health of body and of sound mind and memory, praise be therefore given to Almighty God, do make and ordain this my present last will and testament, in manner and form following; That is to say, first and principally, I commend my soul into the

hands of Almighty God, hoping through the merits of the death and passion of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, to have full and free pardon and forgiveness of all my sins, and to inherit everlasting life, and my body I commit to the earth, to be decently buried at the discretion of my executors hereafter named; and as touching the disposition of all such temporal estate as it hath pleased Almighty God to bestow on me, I give and dispose thereof as followeth:—First, I give and bequeath to the chapelry of Haydon one annuity or annual rent of twenty pounds per annum for ever, to be paid out of my lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Mousin, in the county of Northumberland, at the feasts and terms of Martinmas and Pentecost, yearly, by equal portions, the first payment thereof to begin at such of the said feasts as shall next happen after the death of me, the said John Shaftoe, and not before, for the use of a Grammar School to be kept at Haydon Bridge, and maintenance of poor families in the said chapelry of Haydon, equally to be divided, viz., ten pounds per annum to the said school, and ten pounds to the said poor families. *Item.*—I give and bequeath to the said chapelry of Haydon, in the said county of Northumberland, one other annuity of twenty pounds per annum, for ever, to be issuing or going out of these engagements or mortgages I have of the lands and estate of Sir John Heron, Bart., late deceased, viz., ten pounds per annum thereof towards the keeping of the said Grammar School, and the other ten pounds to the use of the said poor families in the said chapelry, at the feasts of Martinmas and Pentecost, yearly, by equal portions, the first payment thereof, likewise, to begin at such of the said feasts as shall next happen after the death of me, the said John Shaftoe. *Item.*—I give and bequeath an augmentation of ten pounds, for ever, to the parish church of Slaley, in the said county of Northumberland, to be paid out of the said engagements or mortgages of the said Sir John Heron's estate, at the feasts and terms aforesaid, and I do hereby ordain and appoint Mr. Archdeacon and Mr. John Rowell, and successors, executors for all the said monies for the aforesaid charitable and pious uses, and I do hereby nominate and appoint John Bacon, of Staward, in the aforesaid county, Esq., John Atkinson, of Haydon Bridge, and Nicholas Maughan, of Tedcastle, both in the aforesaid chapelry of Haydon, yeomen, trustees and governors of the said money bequeathed by me for the said school and poor of Haydon chapelry, and when any of them shall die, the survivors to elect a third person with them in, and at all time and times after my death to provide a sufficient schoolmaster for the said school, and distribute the said monies so bequeathed to such needful and poor families as they shall think fit in the said chapelry. *Item.*—I give and bequeath to my nephew, Mr. Ralph Shaftoe, of Cary-Coats, the sum of eight hundred pounds out of engagements and mortgages of Sir John Heron's estate, the interest thereof to be paid him at feasts and terms above said. *Item.*—I give and bequeath unto my nephew, Mr. John Shaftoe, son of my brother, Mr. Charles Shaftoe, of Cary-Coats, the sum of two hundred pounds out of the said engagements or mortgages of Sir John Heron's estate, the interest thereof to be paid him at the feasts and terms aforesaid. *Item.*—I give and bequeath to my said brother Charles Shaftoe's five daughters, that are now unmarried, the sum of eight hundred pounds in manner and form following, viz., five hundred pounds thereof out of the said engagements or mortgages of Sir John Heron's estate, the interest thereof to be paid them at the feasts and terms above mentioned; and other three hundred pounds to be paid by my son Daniel Shaftoe, his heirs and assigns out of my lands and hereditaments of Mousin, the said eight hundred pounds to be disposed of among them as their father and mother think fit. *Item.*—I give and bequeath unto John Atkinson, of Haydon Bridge, my clerk and servant, the sum of four hundred pounds for the use of his children that are now unmarried, viz., two hundred pounds thereof upon a mortgage of Gabriel Read's estate of Trough-End, Esq., with all my title and interest to the same, and one other hundred pounds, part thereof upon a mortgage of Mr. Fenwick's of Bavington, with all my title and interest to the same; and one other hundred pounds to be paid him or them

by my son Daniel Shaftoe, his heirs or assigns out of my lands and hereditaments of Mousin, immediately after my death. And my will and pleasure is, that the said John Atkinson shall distribute all the said four hundred pounds amongst his said three children, viz., John, Mary, and Margaret, as he thinks fit and convenient. *Item*.—I give and bequeath to my son, Daniel Shaftoe, and to his heirs for ever, all my lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Mousin aforesaid, he and they paying and discharging all such legacies as I have bequeathed and given in this my last will and testament, to the uses and persons aforesaid, to be paid out of the said estate of Mousin. And I give to the said John Bacon, Esq., and John Atkinson, my trustees aforesaid for the said pious and charitable uses, each of them a guinea for a token, to be paid by my executors. *Item*.—All the remainder of my goods and chattels, ready money, bills, and bonds, and all debts whatsoever, in whose hands soever, I give to my loving brother Charles Shafto of Cary-Coats, and John Shafto of Bavington, Esqs., equally to be divided betwixt them, whom I make my joint executors of this my last will and testament, and of the execution of the same only for the pious and charitable uses. And I do revoke and disannul, and make void, all former wills and testaments. As witness this thirteenth day of May, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord and Lady William and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defenders of the faith &c., Annoq: Domini 1693, signed, sealed, and delivered by the said John Shaftoe, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us,

JOSEPH YELLOWLEY.

THOMAS SHAFTOE.

JOHN SHAFTOE, junr.

WILLIAM ERRINGTON, junr.

Be it known unto all men by these presents, that whereas I, John Shaftoe of Nether Warden, in the county of Northumberland, clerk, have made and declared my last will and testament in writing, bearing date with these presents, I, the said John Shaftoe, do by this codicil confirm and ratify my said last will and testament, and do give and bequeath unto Ann, the daughter of William Errington of Bradley, in the said county, yeoman, the sum of one hundred pounds of good English money, and my will and meaning is, that this Codicil be adjudged as part of my last will and testament, and that all things contained and mentioned be truly and fully performed, as full and amply in respect as if the same were declared and set down in my said last will and testament within written. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year within written. Sealed and delivered in the presence of us,

JOHN SHAFTOE, junr.

RALPH SHAFTOE.

JOHN ATKINSON.

A little to the west of Haydon Bridge is

RIDLEY HALL,

the residence of Mrs. Davidson. This mansion stands in a fine open situation, and the walks around it, especially among the woods and rocks on the banks of the Allen, are very romantic. There are some splendid trees of the larch kind, planted by William Lowes. The estate and hall were, in 1567, part of the possessions of the Ridleys of Willimoteswick. The Lowes family is an ancient one, and derive their name from being possessors of the Forest of Lowes. Near Ridley Hall is the chapel of BELTINGHAM, which contains about eighteen tablets, several of them to the memory of the Lowes

family. At the east end of the edifice there is a large painting, representing Christ in the Temple overturning the tables of the money-changers. In the grave-yard are three yew trees supposed to be upwards of 400 years old. There is also an ancient cross at the east end of the grave-yard. It contains a tombstone, erected to the memory of William Atkinson, of Penpeugh, his wife, one son, and two daughters, the united ages of the five being 398 years—the oldest was 98 and the youngest 57 years. To the west of Beltingham is WILLIMOTESWICK, an old and ruined fortified residence of the ancient family of Ridleys, from whom descended Bishop Ridley, the martyr; Dr. Lancelot Ridley, author of "A Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul;" Sir Thomas Ridley, Chancellor to Archbishop Abbot, and author of "A View of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law;" and Sir Thomas's son and biographer, Dr. Gloster Ridley. Their lineal descendants are settled at Blagdon, where they have large possessions.

To the north of Haydon Bridge is

CHESTERWOOD,

the most part of the houses being peel houses. These consisted of strong buildings, having one apartment on the ground floor and another above it. The upper room was approached by a flight of steps, and at night the cattle belonging to the farmer were secured in the apartment below, whilst he and his family barricaded themselves in the room above. This upper room was floored with heavy stone flags resting upon massive oak beams, which would long resist the action of fire. The grey slates of the roof were pinned down with sheeps' shanks. The houses are irregularly built on a freestone rock, and are now in a rather dilapidated condition. Some of the old oaken doors may yet be seen. They have evidently been made more for strength than for beauty. Still there is something attractive in these old-fashioned buildings with their rude oaken doors. The height of the door-ways into the old peel houses is five feet five inches, and two feet three inches broad. Close to Chesterwood is Honey Crook Lead Ore Mine, carried on by Mr. T. J. Bewick, C.E., which is very prosperous at present. Three miles north-east of Haydon Bridge are two noted lead mines—Settlingstones and Stonecroft—which employ a great number of men and boys. There are also Langley Smelt Mills, about three miles south-west of Haydon Bridge, worked by Messrs. Dinning and Co. Several collieries are also within easy access of this village.

LANGLEY CASTLE.

This antique relic stands on a fine eminence about one and a half miles S.S.W. of Haydon Bridge. It has long been in ruins, but is still a magnificent specimen of feudal grandeur. It is an oblong

roofless pile, with square towers at each corner, one of which is 66 feet high, with walls 7 feet thick. The interior appears to have suffered by fire. It has been defended on the west by a deep fosse. It was the seat of the Baron of Tindale, who held it by the service of one knight's fee. Adam de Tindale possessed it in the reign of Henry I., and it passed in marriage with the daughter of his son Adam, to Adam de Boltby, the heiress of whose family carried it in marriage to Thomas de Multon, who assumed the name of Lucy of Egremont. His son Thomas enjoyed this manor, after his mother's death, and on his decease it passed to his son Anthony Lord Lucy, who in 1323 seized, by order of Edward II., Andrew de Herkley, Earl and Governor of Carlisle, for treason in the castle of the city, and in reward for this service he was made Governor of the Castle of Carlisle, Appleby, and Egremont. In the following year he obtained a grant in fee of the castle and honour of Cockermouth, for which, as also for this manor, he procured the privilege of free warren. He bequeathed Langley to his son Thomas, who left it to his son Anthony, who again left it to his daughter Joan, on whose decease, at the age of two and a half years, it passed to her aunt, Maude, then wife of Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, whom she survived, and afterwards married Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, on whom and his heirs she settled all her estates on condition that the arms of the two families should be united. Langley continued in the Percy family till the attainder of Henry Earl of Northumberland by King Henry IV., when it was given to John Neville, Marquis of Montacute, who held it six years and then resigned it to Sir Henry Percy, Lord Poynings. It subsequently passed to the Ratcliffes of Dilston, and gave the title of Viscount and Baron Langley to Sir Francis Ratcliffe, who was created Earl of Derwentwater in 1668. It was forfeited by James the last earl, and is now the property of the Lords of the Admiralty.

STAWARD-LE-PEEL,

a fine romantic ruin, is a short distance to the south of Haydon Bridge. It is an ancient fortress, granted in 1386, by Edward, Duke of York, to the Friars Eremites of Hexham, to be held by the annual payment of five marks. The scenery here is of the most striking and interesting description, consisting of woods, rocks, ruined walls, water, and patches of rich tillage land. This peel, or castle, was formerly the residence of John Bacon, Esq., who is alleged to have been descended from the same family as Lord Chancellor Bacon, by a monk of Wetheral Abbey, who conformed, and subsequently married. The river Allen flows close by. A local poet, Mr. Proudlock, thus sings of its beauties :—

Flow on, lovely Allen, thro' groves of rude grandeur,
Flow on, in thy serpentine course to the Tyne;
My heart throbs with rapture as onward I wander,
And fancy leaps back to the days of lang syne.

I've roam'd thro' the woods where the birds are resorting,
 And mused 'neath the shade of the sweet birchen tree,
 And stray'd down the glens while the lambkins were sporting,
 On banks of rich verdure so blythesome and free.

Other poets have also attuned their lyres to sing of the beauties of Staward and its surroundings, but no greater testimony can be obtained of the popularity of this enchanting spot than the annual resorting of thousands to enjoy the pleasures that the beautiful of nature never fails to yield to the sentient mind; as well as to ruminate over the traditional glories of this historic gem, where at one time were enacted scenes in striking contrast to the fertile and pleasant prospect the old ruins now display. In the old mansion of Staward, a farm house about half a mile from Staward-le-Peel, the Earl of Derwentwater is said to have spent the last night that he passed in this part of Northumberland before he set out with the prince's army, and there is reason to believe that, during the occupation of Hexham by the adherents of the Stuart cause, the earl slept at Staward. This house is still standing, and possessed a very antique and picturesque aspect before it was altered, repaired, and applied to more modern uses.

CHESTERHOLME.

At the head of the gorge, and immediately below the meeting of the Crag Lough and the Brooky Burns, stands Chesterholme in a lovely and sequestered spot, "*procul arte, procul formidine novi.*" It is a sweet picture of mosaic work, inlaid upon an emerald green; a cottage in the Abbotsford style, upon one of those charming green holmes or meadows, bordering upon a river, which in Northumberland are very generally called haughs. The heath-headed and pillar-crowned mountain of Barcum towers above it on the south-east. On the west, a steep green bank has its brow compassed with the ruins of the ramparts of the Roman Station of Vindolana; on the north two woody denes branch off at a neat farm house, and wind away in different directions through rising pasture grounds, which skirt the borders of the sky; and on the south a mountain stream glides from pool to pool through broad crevices of dove-coloured marble under a rustic wooden bridge, till it is suddenly thrown aside by a high sandstone cliff, dappled with lichens, and overhung with variegated woods. All this enchanted bowl has sides as chastely ornamented with works of nature and design as the shield of Achilles was with works of art. It is, indeed, like the bowls of which Virgil speaks of, "*aspernum signis,*" crisply carved with figures. We do not know we could take an admirer of simple scenery and antiquarian objects to a more interesting place than to the cottage of Chesterholme. About its sunny gardens fragments of the pillars of ancient baths and temples are entwined with roses or climbing plants. The cottage is chiefly built of stones carved by Roman hands, and one of the doors opens upon the tree-fringed sides and rocky

channel of Chineley Burn, where the hazels and hegberry, and alder and broad plane trees, and the undying sounds of waters are seen and heard through a passage formed of altars and bas-reliefs, with a cordon of broad stones pierced with lewis holes, and which once supported the battlements of the walls and gates of Vindolana. An arcade has also been formed here, for the reception of antiquities found in the adjacent station, which contains some exceedingly fine altars lately discovered by the owner, several inscribed stones, and other curiosities. The design was given by John Green, Esq., of Newcastle, and is happily suited to the nature of the residence and the character of the adjacent scenery. The interior is chiefly fitted up with butternut and cedar. The former wood, though not much known in this country, is well suited for doors, shutters, presses, &c. It has a rich figure, is easily worked, and has less tendency to warp or twist than many other woods. In appearance it has a near resemblance to oak, and it is considerably less expensive.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1833.

HOUSESTEADS.

Housesteads, called by Dr. Stukeley the Palmyra of Britain, is the Borcovicus of the Notitia, where the first cohort of the Tungrians, a people of Belgic Gaul, living on both sides of the Maese, were in garrison. The great stone barrier running on the steep and rocky brow of a high hill forms its northern rampart. The situation is wild and solitary; but the ruins are so extensive, and give evidence of such massiveness and grandeur, that the stranger, when wandering alone amongst the scattered broken columns, will feel that he is in a city of the dead, and he will be reminded of Pompeii or Babylon, or of Scipio amongst the ruins of Carthage. On every hand, over a large area, are pedestals, carved stones, huge and well-shaped blocks of freestone, and the foundations and remains of the walls of edifices, or mounds of debris overgrown with grass, evidently the relics of beautiful stately buildings. A more striking example of the power of that wonderful people is perhaps not to be met with in the British Isles. Here the traveller may muse alone amongst those huge remains—being disturbed only by a few sheep or cattle, or the cry of the lapwing—and while contemplating in amazement and admiration the singular scene presented by these relics of an ancient and mighty nation, the thought must occur to every reflecting mind that all these walls, columns, and chambers were ancient ruins before any existing castles, or abbeys, or churches were built in this land. The “Britannia Romana” contains sixteen inscriptions and sculptures found here, some of which are very perfect and curious. There are also three mutilated inscriptions. One mentions the sixth legion, the second is, M A T R I B V S C O H. I. T V N G R..... and the third, a defaced altar of Jupiter. Sculptures in alto-relievo: the first of them, a flying victory, with one foot touching a globe; the second

and third, figures of Roman soldiers; the fourth, three female figures, similarly clothed and in similar attitudes, seated in a chair, and holding with both hands a cylindrical vessel; and the fifth, three other female figures in separate chairs, each differently clothed, and the middle one having its legs tied to posts with two cords; the sixth, also, has upon it three figures, each standing, but of ruder work than the former, and above their heads three fishes, one of them a sea-goat; and the seventh, a small statue of a soldier in the Roman military habit, holding a spear in his right hand, resting with his left upon a shield. Here is one inscription more which belongs to this place that was published in the Transactions by Dr. Hunter. It was perfect when he saw it. Samian ware, glass, millstones, boars' tusks, horns of deer, and coins; also gold signet rings, and gold pendants for the ears. In fact the antiquities found at Housesteads have been so numerous and so important that any attempt to recapitulate them here would be perfectly vain. The station of Housesteads contains an area of nearly five acres. Half of it hangs on a slope, with a southern aspect; the other, or northern half, is flat, floored with basalt, covers the summit of a lofty ridge, and commands a prospect on the east, south, and west, far away beyond the valley of the Tyne, over blue air-tinted grounds and lofty mountains; and to the north of the wall, over the vast waste of the forest of Lowes where, indeed, a proud, stupendous solitude frowns over the heath. The suburbs of Borcovicus have been very extensive; the ruins of them distinctly appearing on the east, south, and west sides of the station. A little to the south of it, and stretching westward, the ground has been thrown up in long terraced lines after the ancient method, mentioned by Josephus, of cultivating swiftly sloping grounds. We have seen them very distinctly marked on the banks at Settlingstones. Close to Housesteads are three very fine lakes, viz.:—Broomley Lough, Greenlea Lough, and Crag Lough. The first-named covers an area of 90 acres, and contains very fine pike.

THE FERNS OF TYNEDALE.

Few objects in the vegetable kingdom have more beauty and power of embellishing natural scenes than ferns. Whether they accompany the woodland, the mountain, or the river scenery, they are alike graceful, and welcomed as pleasing objects of beauty—either taken as additions to effect, in an æsthetic sense, or in the intrinsic value of their separate groups. This district, which is watered by the South Tyne river and tributaries, is rich in varieties of those species indigenous to this country; and although we have many beautiful varieties in the British Islands, they are compara-

tively few compared with those known to botanists, and having their *habitats* in foreign climes. But our native kinds are unsurpassed for pleasing delicacy and grace, and afford a very interesting study to the summer tourist. The fronds of ferns, when dried and mounted in the herbarium for preservation, form objects of much interest, which can be referred to at any time either for amusement or instruction. The writer has a selection of dried ferns, British and exotic, many of the former gathered from Woodhall Hills, Whinnetley, Sewingshields, and other places in this neighbourhood. There are upwards of a hundred varieties. In our rambles in the district we may occasionally meet with the beautiful bladder fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*), and the variety *dentata*, which, with their small lance-shaped and bissinnate fronds, have a very elegant appearance; hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*) flourishes in various situations; while the lady fern (*Athyrium Filixfoemina*), that graceful feminine Narcissus of the woods and brooks, is somewhat common as a local fern. Possessing exquisite grace of form and elegance of habit, it must always be a general favourite. This plant frequents deep bosky dells, or dips its graceful fronds into the shallow streamlet as it grows on the brink of some woodland burn. Bearing considerable resemblance to our lady of the woods, but more robust in their general appearance, are some of the *lastrea*, especially the common buckler fern (*Lastrea Filixmas*). On examination, however, various structural differences may be discovered. We have this fern in abundance; it may be found almost in every shaded or moist place, generally adding much to the pleasant scenery of our woods and green lanes—attaining in this part of the country an altitude of three feet. A full-grown plant is a splendid though common object. A species belonging to the same genus as the last, and also found in this locality, is *dilatata*, a very beautiful one, and not so common as the other; the fronds have a very handsome look when developed. This fern has a long triangular pinnal, and the under surface is covered with numerous minute spore cases, which give to the frond mounted for show a very rich effect. In our walks we frequently make the acquaintance of the common *polypody*, which, though of humbler look than those we have last mentioned, yet possess much of interest and beauty. It often ornaments some old moss-grown wall or rocky bank beside the lowly cottage in some wooded ravine, whose thatched roof, covered with rich coloured mosses, draws the lover of the picturesque from the usual path, over some rustic stile, across the narrow meadow holme, to look upon and fix in his remembrance its old-world beauty and retired peacefulness. Here upon some old wall, or bank, or stem, we may most likely meet the *polypody*, the rich orange-coloured seed spores of which catch the eye like a gleam of golden sunshine, making abundant amends for simpleness of form by splendour of local colouring. This plant, being evergreen in many situations, has additional claims to our consideration. The beech fern (*P. phegopteris*), found in our woods and elevated reaches, in

different situations, is a very beautiful fern, giving very strikingly the idea of a beech tree, with its pendant branches. The oak fern (*P. dryopteris*), a small and delicate plant, is found in several places with us, and is of a more delicate green colour than any we possess in our local collection. One of our commoner sorts is the hardy fern (*Blechnum Spicant*), a spiny looking plant, but very ornamental withal in certain situations, and deriving much intrinsic interest from its fertile frond, which contrasts curiously with its barren compeers. The whole of the species and varieties common to this district are about twenty-two. To those unacquainted with the subject, our local varieties may seem few, but when it is stated that the known species and varieties in Britain are by no means very numerous, the distinct species numbering only some forty or fifty, it may well seem that we have a fair proportion of these interesting plants. Climatic influence and the physical formation of districts govern, in a great measure, their distribution. The prickly shield fern (*Polystichum aculeatum*), and variety *lobatum* are not uncommon in some places, and are both of much beauty in their general appearance and characteristics. The charming mountain parsley (*Allossus crispus*), again finds its home in the mountain ridges, along which run, in undeviating course, the remains of that mighty barrier which yet exists as a noble monument of the power of a once great empire. Many centuries have rolled away since the Roman power was overwhelmed in the wreck of empires. Her legions are dust; but the modest mountain parsley, contemporary with that age, yet returns in regular course to its usual haunts among the broken vestiges of old imperial power in that mountainous neighbourhood, in olden times known as the Forest of Lowes. The mountain buckler fern (*Lastrea montana*) has its *habitat* in some very rare instances upon the mountain slopes among our hills, and was only found in this locality in 1867. The black maidenhair spleenwort, black spleenwort, the moonwort, and wall rue, with a few others, not forgetting our old friend the common bracken, the most abundant of all our ferns, and the common adder's tongue, all have their haunts in our dales and mountain ravines. Of lovely and attractive appearance are these flowerless plants, and those who have leisure and taste to follow so interesting a field of study will enjoy in it much pleasure, and derive from it much instruction. Such are some of the lowly but beautiful plants with which the Great Master has beautified the earth, to gladden the eye and heart of man, to refine his feelings, to open his mind to natural impressions of beauty, to make earth pleasant to him while he sojourns here, and raise him above blind materialism. This beauty seems a leading principle in nature, the fields are enamelled with flowers, as the old poet, in his beautifully quaint expressive language, says of spring :—

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady's smocks, all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

What flowers do for the meadows ferns may be said to do for the nooks and corners of sylvan retirement, by throwing their rich garniture of graceful foliage over the more rugged portions of the hills and dales, the rocks of the mountain lynn, the quiet woodland retreat, and the long drawn forest glade, resting in deep grey shadow, or gilded with the chequered sunlight. Whichever scene may be before us, these plants give to it many of its most finished markings.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FENWICK MARTIN.

About the year 1770 there lived in Hexham a journeyman tanner named Fenwick Martin, a good-looking fellow, active, and bold too, for we are told that he was supposed to be the best swordsman in the kingdom, and was not afraid of any man as a fencer or as a pugilist. He married a daughter of Richard Thompson, of Tow House, near Bardon Mill, and in the course of time became the father of four sons, of whom the youngest, John, attained universal celebrity as an artist of the highest order, while the others, if not so much distinguished, were yet sufficiently remarkable to warrant notice. Each of the sons published an autobiography more or less complete.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

The eldest son, William, "natural philosopher and conqueror of all nations," as he generally designated himself, was born in June, 1772, at the Tow House, from which he was soon afterwards taken by his grandfather to a farm in Cantire, belonging to the Duke of Argyle. During 19 years, from 1795 to 1814, he was in the Northumberland Militia, and was well known as a skilful fencer and an excellent jumper. He frequently related his many contests with fencing-masters and noted jumpers in other regiments, in which he was so invariably and so easily the conqueror, as to give rise to a suspicion that he was well qualified in heaving the hatchet and drawing the long bow. He wore a head-dress consisting of the shell of a tortoise, mounted with brass, and had his breast ornamented with a variety of stars and other decorations of unknown derivation. He claimed many valuable practical discoveries, such as modes of curing the dry rot in ships, of cutting canals, of extinguishing fires at sea, the invention of a life-preserver for seamen, of air-fans for ventilating coal mines, of a safety-lamp, an improved velocipede, a suspension bridge, &c. He died on February 8th, 1851, at the house of his brother John, at Chelsea.

RICHARD MARTIN.

The second son, Richard, was born at the Bridge of Doune, his father being then foreman of an extensive tannery at Bridge House

Yard, near Ayr. Richard learnt the trade of a tanner, but entered the army and served 29 years, of which 22 were passed in the 1st (or Grenadier) Regiment of Foot Guards. Of this regiment he was quarter-master sergeant. Although in many engagements during the Peninsular war, and also at the battle of Waterloo, he quitted the service without having received a wound. In 1830 he published in London a volume of poems entitled "The Last Days of the Ante-Deluvian World," "A Forlorn Hope," and "Ishmael's Address."

JOHN MARTIN, K.L.

Some of ye painters bring the dead to life ;
And then with poets hold creating strife ;
Your mighty pencils can restore or frame,
Hosts that are dead or lived in fancy's name.—ANON.

John Martin was born at East Land Ends, Haydon Bridge, on July 19, 1789, and received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of the village. His parents removed from Land Ends to a small cottage at Low Hall, where his father taught the sword and stick exercise. From thence they removed to a thatch cottage on the north side of Haydon Bridge,—Mr. Barr's house now occupying the site of the old cottage. While living there he painted several pictures upon coarse calico. On one occasion, when there was a great rejoicing in the village, the place being illuminated, young Martin had some pictures fastened to the end of some short poles, the other end of which were stuck in the thatch roof, and these were greatly admired. At that time he was but a lad, though even then he was known to go down to the river side to where a large quantity of fine sand lay, pour some water upon the sand, carefully smooth it, and commence sketching with a stick. My informant was his constant companion and school-fellow, and he received several drawings from him while he was at school. Martin rarely left the school at play time, preferring to remain indoors and sketch upon his slate. He also made several sketches upon the school wall with a burnt stick, such as that of two schoolfellows fighting, and the master thrashing a boy over his knee, the latter being a most striking likeness of both master and boy. When he was fourteen years of age his parents removed to Newcastle, where he was apprenticed to a Mr. Wilson, coachmaker, but a dispute arising between them the indentures of Martin were cancelled. When he arrived in Newcastle he was much taken up with the variety of sign boards, and frequently would he leave the sports of his companions, and retire to some spot where he could fix his attention upon a superior sign, or traverse the town from one end to the other, that he might compare the different paintings with each other. Then he would go home and collect his rude materials for the purpose of sketching something of his own, which should surpass, and usually did surpass, the best lines upon which he had been intent abroad. After quitting the employ of Mr.

Wilson, his father placed him under an Italian master of great reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Muss. He remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to go and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon Martin's parents the advantage of young Martin accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on his mother's part, and solemn charges to their friend, it was ultimately agreed that he should join M. Musso in London within a few months. He accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806. Martin himself, in a letter to the *Illustrated London News*, in 1849, says:—"The treatment I received from Mr. C. Muss soon satisfied me that he conceived my means to be far more extended than they were; I, therefore, took an early opportunity of informing him that I had resolved never more to receive pecuniary assistance from my parents, who had already done enough in providing means for establishing me in London; that, as my present resources were not equal to a due recompense for his liberality, I thought it only right to tell him my position. He was pleased with my honourable candour, and saying that he would do all in his power to promote my laudable intentions, immediately undertook to employ me in his glass and china painting establishment, in a department where my facility in designing and painting landscape scenes would be very useful; and from this time I supported myself solely by my own exertions, and with advantage to my employers." Martin married in 1809, and almost up to that time he had been in Mr. Muss's employ during the day, sitting up at night till two or three o'clock in the morning acquiring that knowledge of perspective and architecture which proved so valuable to him in after-life. Shortly before his marriage Mr. Muss's establishment broke up, and those employed in it had the option of seeking independent employment or following the fortunes of the different members of the firm. Martin accompanied his friend, Mr. Muss, and was subsequently engaged with him in the glass painting, carried on by Mr. Collins, in the Strand, occupying his evenings upon water colour drawings, and contriving in odd hours to paint in oil his first picture ever exhibited ("A Clytie"), which was sent to the Academy in 1810, and rejected for want of room, but not condemned. He sent it again in 1811, when it was hung in a good situation in the Great Room. At the beginning of the following year, having lost his employment at Collins', it became necessary for him to work hard, and, as he was ambitious of fame, he determined on painting a large picture, "Sadok," which was executed in a month. Mr. Martin himself said, "You may easily guess my feelings when I overheard the men who were placing it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture!" The work, however, though hung in the ante-room of the Royal Academy, received, to Martin's great delight, a notice in the newspapers, and was eventually sold, under interesting circumstances, to the late Mr.

Manning, for 50 guineas. The following year, 1813, he sent "The Expulsion" to the British Institution, and "Adam's First Sight of Eve" to the Royal Academy, and was again given a place in the Great Room. His next painting was "Clytie"; in 1815 he sent the "Joshua" to the Royal Academy, but it was hidden in the ante-room. In 1817 he sent it to the British Institution, where it attracted great attention, and the painter was rewarded with the chief premium of the year, £100; but the picture was not sold till some years afterwards, when it went as a companion to the "Belshazzar." In 1818 he removed to a superior house, and had to devote his time mainly to executing some immediately profitable works; but in 1819 he produced the "Fall of Babylon," which was second only to the "Belshazzar" in the attention it excited. The following year came "Macbeth," one of the most successful landscapes. Then in 1821, "Belshazzar's Feast," an elaborate picture, and which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution. In the year 1822 appeared the "Destruction of Herculaneum," another elaborate work. In 1823, "The Seventh Plague" and "Paphian Bower." In 1824 the "Creation." In 1826 the "Deluge"; and in 1828 the "Fall of Nineveh." In addition to the above he produced many other pictures, sketches, &c., but the most important of all was his acquiring the art of engraving, and producing the "Illustrations of Milton," designed on the plates, and for which he received 2,000 guineas; the "Belshazzar's Feast," the first large steel plate ever engraved in mezzotinto; the "Joshua" and the "Deluge" between the years 1823 and 1828. It will be seen that Martin's greatest works were produced within the eleven years immediately succeeding the first fair exhibition of his "Joshua." Only two of his pictures were exhibited abroad; the "Fall of Nineveh" at Brussels, and the "Deluge" in Paris; the first procured him the large medal of the exhibition, the Order of Leopold, and his election as a member of the Academy of Antwerp; the second the gold medal and a magnificent present of Sevres from the King of the French. In his latter years Martin devoted much of his time to engineering subjects, as he felt a strong interest in the improvement of the condition of the people and in the sanitary state of the country. It is said "Martin was a poet of a high order, and with his pencil he painted the sublimest of epics. He is equally at home in scenes sublimely terrible and the softest and most enchanting views which the mind of a mortal can conceive." Martin wrote a letter on one occasion to the then secretary of the Haydon Bridge Reading Room, stating that he would be most happy to present the room with copies of his greatest pictures. Strange to say the secretary never mentioned the letter to the committee, nor to the members of the room. The letter was not even answered, and most probably it would never have been known had not T. H. Apedaile, Esq., come upon it accidentally. This gentleman lost no time in writing a reply and explaining the delay, but we are sorry to say that the

letter arrived on the very day of his death. John Martin died at the Isle of Man, on the 17th of February, 1854, at the age of 65 years, and was interred at Kirk Braddon. Martin's memory is still kindly cherished in his native village.

JONATHAN MARTIN.

The subject of this memoir, a brother of the above, was born at Highside House, near Hexham, in 1782, and though he may have removed with his parents to Sandhill, Newcastle, while yet a young man, he always retained a strong attachment to the locality of his birth. Indeed, it was at Hexham that he served his time as a tanner. In his 22nd year he went to London, and there he was impressed for the navy. His first voyage was made in the *Hercules*, and while in this vessel he took part in the bombardment of Copenhagen. Afterwards he engaged in the blockade of the Tagus and in the relief of Sir John Moore's expedition at Corunna. His sorrows as a pressed man were assuaged by the uprising of a strong religious fervour, which was abundantly developed and gratified, as he relates in his life, by a visit to Egypt, on which occasion he says he was "filled with delight at seeing the place where Our Lord took refuge from the rage of Herod." When he came back to England he betook himself rather fitfully to his old trade; but he had acquired a love of roving, and there was also stirring him up from time to time that cerebral excitement which ultimately overmastered him. He wrote a curious narrative of certain portions of his life, of which the chapters were headed: (1) "The Colossus at Rhodes;" (2) "Providential Escape from a Watery Grave in the Bay of Biscay four different times;" and (3) "Providential Escape from the Asylum at Gateshead Fell." But this pamphlet was only published in 1826. The last of three chapters points to a period when unmistakeable symptoms of insanity had broken out and taken a type from which they never widely diverged. While engaged at Yarm, Stockton, Whitby, and Bishop Auckland, in his trade of tanner, he experienced frequent paroxysms of insane rage against the clergy. Not that all his vituperation and remonstrances were characterised by lunacy, but his mode of protesting was often so unusual that it savoured more of madness than of zealous invective. He was turned out of the Methodist Society at one place for his ill-guided and excessive attacks on the clergy. At Norton he concealed himself in the parish church with the view of giving the folks a homily on the sins of the clergy, but he was dragged out by the sexton and brought before the magistrates, who, however, acquitted him. On one occasion he was present at South Church, Bishop Auckland, when the minister said in his sermon "that he did not think any man could know his sins were forgiven until he changed worlds," whereupon Jonathan cried aloud, "thou hast no business in that pulpit, thou whitened sepulchre, thou deceiver of the people. How can thou escape the damnation of hell?" For this offence he was

22 HISTORICAL NOTES OF HAYDON BRIDGE, ETC.

once more put in peril of his liberty, but he escaped through the testimony of his employer. Shortly afterwards, however, he was accused of contemplating the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford, who was administering the rite of confirmation for the Bishop of Durham in the parish of Stockton. The real facts of the case, as told by himself, would make it appear nothing more than a foolish freak with an old pistol that probably could not have been made to go off at all; but when examined before the magistrates, Jonathan almost admitted that if the Bishop had not given satisfactory answers to certain questions he intended to propose to him, he would have finished him in some way. This, coming after his other exploits in the same direction, led to his being committed as a lunatic. At first he was confined at West Auckland, but at the instance of sympathising friends he was removed to Gateshead Asylum. After three years' detention he escaped, but was recaptured three days subsequently. While he was an inmate of the asylum he used often to fast for days together, saying that the Lord fasted forty days. He would sit on the ground with two sticks before him, which he said was David's harp. He had a great objection to shaving, and this operation could only be performed when he had been put into a strait-waistcoat for the purpose. Whenever he got excited on his favourite theme of clerical insincerity and worldliness, his eye became glassy and the pupil much dilated. Sometimes the eye was red, while his pulse was hard, violent, and rapid. When he was released from the asylum, he appears to have resumed his wandering habits, occasionally working at his trade, and more frequently selling his pamphlet. He used to carry his stock of books in saddle bags slung over his shoulders, and his dress was at all times peculiar. He had in the course of his journeyings visited Leeds, Manchester, Lincoln, and Boston. At the last-named place he was married on the 19th October, 1828, to Maria Hudson, but he had been married before. At all the places where he sojourned he associated with Methodist congregations, and according to general testimony he had a remarkable gift for prayer. About Christmas Day, in 1828, he found himself in York. Accompanied by his wife he took lodgings with one Lawn, a shoemaker. It would seem that it was only towards the end of the month he spent in the ancient city that his old madness came upon him. It was his custom during those few weeks to frequent Methodist meetings of all sorts, and occasionally to pay a visit to the Minster. Gradually his railings against the episcopal clergy became much louder and more fierce. His brain grew perturbed, and his whole system feverish. As if conscious that some dire temptation was taking shape in his mind, he tore himself away from York. With his wife he went to Leeds, but leaving her there or else at Tadcaster, he came back alone to the house of the shoemaker in which he had previously lodged. He could not rest. A spell was upon him. The live coal of a strange fire was smouldering in his soul, and must

soon burst into a flame. He spent Sunday, the 1st February, in secret preparations for the accomplishment of what he now regarded as a direct commission from heaven. In his bedchamber he got some tinder, and having already in his possession a piece of flint, he appropriated an old razor as an implement for striking the fatal spark that was to avenge the insulted majesty of heaven for the dishonour done to its worship in the idolatrous shrine. When the hour for evening service arrived, he was one of the assembled throng. None who looked upon his dull and stolid face could suspect that it was but the dried crust of a volcano that was on the eve of a most terrible explosion. When the service ended, the gloomy fabric was almost in darkness. It was no difficult matter for Martin to linger unobserved, and to hide himself between a tomb and the Minster wall. There he lay listening with devouring rage to the sweet, sad strains of the organ murmuring, it might seem, a dirge for the glories of the holy and beautiful house that was to be burned with fire that night, as in the olden days it had been again and again. Did the lurking madman know that his mischievous design was, as to its effect, no novelty in the history of the sacred fane? Eleven centuries before his hour of darkness and revenge, the flames had ravaged the then recently erected structure. In 1069 the whole fabric had been reduced to ashes. In 1137 the new cathedral was utterly destroyed in a great conflagration which devoured St. Mary's Abbey and thirty-nine parish churches in the church-loving city. Perhaps no reflection of these ancient fires lighted up the savage gloom of the incendiary's soul as he cowered behind the monument of some long dead bishop. But he was a reading man, and it is no stretch of imagination to assume that he may have known of these melancholy cases of damage and destruction. There he lay and watched till the organist departed and the ringers came down from the belfry. When at last the huge doors clanged to, and the echoes died away in the fretted roof of each long-drawn aisle, he arose from his lair like a wild beast bent upon prey. He made his way to the bell loft, and then made his final preparations. By means of the ropes lying about, and those attached to the bells, which he cut off, he was able to provide for his entrance into any part of the building and also for his escape when his awful task was completed. It was afterwards told how the dwellers in the Minster Yard and belated citizens passing that way, heard strange sounds in the cathedral at midnight. Coupling this with Martin's own account, presently to be given, there can be no doubt that as soon as he found himself alone, face to face with the deed of malice he was bent upon accomplishing, he burst out into frantic exultation, making the old sanctuary resound with cries of "Hallelujah! glory be to God!" With his old razor he cut away the velvet and the gold tasselling and the fringe from the bishop's pew, from the reading desks, and wherever he could find anything of similar attractiveness or value. Having gathered such combustibles as he could lay hands on, and piled

them in three heaps in suitable spots, he fired them, and after a brief stay to see that the flames had got well hold of the heaps, and were bidding well for the work he had set them to do, he left the doomed Minster to its fate, scaled his way out by the help of the ropes he had with him, and once free of the sacred precincts, took to his heels as if the Furies were in hot pursuit of him. All through the chill winter night he fled, his brow throbbing with the pulse of madness, his frame weakened from long fasting, yet urged to superhuman exertion, not so much by terror as by a sort of raging glee because of what he had done. Keeping the North Road, he was continually meeting or being overtaken by coaches and other vehicles, but he hid himself till they passed, and then resumed his terrible run for liberty or perhaps life. His course was to his old home near Hexham. There perhaps he dreamed he would be sure of welcome and safe refuge. But the appearance of the advertisement in the newspapers was almost sure to lead to his capture. As soon as the newspapers reached Hexham, no time was lost in commencing a search for Martin, whose person and haunts were well known, and by eleven o'clock in the forenoon he was in the custody of Mr. Stainthorpe, the sheriff's officer, who, on reading the advertisement, had instantly set off on horseback northwards, called at Wall Barns, the residence of Mr. Thompson, a relation of Martin, where he learnt his retreat, and proceeding to Codlaw Hill, about four miles from Hexham, he found the delinquent in the house of Mr. E. Kell; the latter, ignorant of the enormities with which his guest was charged, accompanied the officer with his prisoner to Hexham, where, without the least resistance, he was lodged in the House of Correction. Martin seemed to have no consciousness of guilt for the crime he had committed. He was visited by several gentlemen, to whom he was remarkably communicative, not only acknowledging the deed, but defending his conduct, and even expressing his satisfaction at his plan having been so effective. On Sunday, the 8th, Mr. Newstead, of York, arrived in Newcastle, and proceeded to Hexham, from whence he returned with the prisoner in a post-chaise, accompanied by Mr. Stainthorpe and Mr. Richard Nicholson, of Gateshead Fell. The prisoner was lodged in Newcastle Gaol from one o'clock to three o'clock in the afternoon, during which time a great concourse of people collected in the streets adjoining the prison. One of the rooms in the entrance building had been prepared for him, and while there, Mr. Sopwith, the Governor of the Gaol, repressed all attempts to obtain information from the prisoner. He sent him some dinner, which he ate with great relish, and drank a quantity of water. He wore a double-breasted blue coat, with yellow buttons, blue trousers, and half-boots, and, though rather jaded with fatigue, he seemed in perfectly good spirits, and quite rational and innocent in his behaviour. The pockets of his drab great-coat contained some pieces of candles, and Mr. Stainthorpe had in his possession the black leather case

in which he carried the tinder to the cathedral, and in which were small fragments of stained glass. He had also a white-hafted razor, hacked on the back, with which he struck the fatal spark, and some curtains and tassels which he had abstracted from the cathedral. The prisoner and his conductors arrived at York about three o'clock on Monday morning in a post-chaise. The magistrates, &c., having been assembled for his examination, the whole of the proceedings were over soon after six o'clock, and he was committed to the city gaol. The poor fanatic was brought to trial before Mr. Baron Holbeck, at York Assizes, on the 31st of March. He was defended by Mr. Brougham (soon to be known, as he will for ever be known, by the title of Lord Brougham). Witnesses detailed the extent of the mischief. It cost upwards of £60,000 to repair the Minster belfry and roof. Others—and these the majority—gave abundant evidence as to Martin's insanity. After a trial of eight or nine hours, he was called upon to speak in his own defence. Speaking in a northern dialect, and with great energy, the prisoner said: "Well, sir, the first impression I had about it was from a dream; and after I had written five letters to those clergy, the last of which, I believe, was a very severe one, and all of which I dated from my lodgings at No. 60, Aldwark, I was very anxious to speak to them by word of mouth, but none of them would come near me. So I prayed to the Lord, and asked him what was to be done. And I dreamed that I saw a cloud come over the cathedral, and it rolled towards me at my lodgings; it awoke me out of my sleep, and I asked the Lord what it meant, and he told me it was to warn these clergymen of England who were going to plays, and cards, and such like; and the Lord told me he had chosen me to warn, and reminded me of the prophecies that there should in these latter days be signs in the heavens. (The prisoner here used several quotations from Holy Writ.) I felt so impressed with it that I found the Lord had destined me to show those people to flee from the wrath to come, when I bethought me that I could not do that job without being out all night, and I considered whether I should let my wife know. I got everything ready, and I took the ring from my wife's finger, and talked to her what I had mentioned—and I told her what I meant to do. She grieved very much, and I had to work to get off. I still stayed a few days, but I could get no rest whatever until I had accomplished the work. It was a severe contest between flesh and blood; and then I bethought me what would become of her and my son Richard, who I had at Lincoln. Then the Lord said unto me, 'What thou does, do with all thy might.' I tore from her, and said, 'Well, well, Lord—not my will, but Thine be done.' I then left Leeds, taking twenty of my books with me, but I had no money, and went into Tadcaster. There I got a gill of ale. (He then proceeded to state the manner in which he travelled and supported himself to York.) On Sunday, Feb. 1, I went to the cathedral service, and it vexed me to hear them

singing their prayers and amens. I knew it did not come from their hearts; it was deceiving the people. Then there was the organ, buz! buz! and said I to my *sen*, I'll hae thee down to-night; thou *shat* buz no more! Well, they were all going out, and I lay me down by the side of the bishop, round by the pillar (the prisoner concealed himself behind a tomb), between which and the wall there was a space that more than one person might lie down in. I thought I heard the people coming down from the bells; they all went out, and then it was so dark I could not see my hand. Well, I left the bishop, and came out, and fell upon my knees and asked the Lord what I was to do first, and he said, 'Get thy way up the bell-loft.' I had never been there, and I went round and round. I had a sort of guess to the place from hearing the men, as I thought, come down. I struck a light with a flint and a razor that I had got, and some tinder I brought from my landlord's, I saw there were plenty of ropes; then I cut one, and then another; but I had no idea they were so long, and I kept draw, drawing, and the rope came up. I daresay I had 100 feet. Well, thought I to myself, this will make a man rope (a sort of scaling rope), and I tied knots in it. Aye, that's it; I know it well enough (pointing to the rope which lay on the table). So I went down to the body of the cathedral, and bethought me how I should go inside. I thought if I did so by throwing the rope over the organ I might set it ganning, and that would spoil the job. So I made an end of the rope fast, and went hand-over-hand over the gates, and got down on the other side, and fell on my knees and prayed to the Lord, and he told me that do what I would they would take me. Then I asked the Lord what I was to do with the velvet, and he told me to take it for my wages; and in order that no one but me might be suspected, I thought it would do for my hairy jacket I have at Lincoln. I have a very good sealskin one there. I wish I had it with me that I might show it you. Then I got all ready. Glory to God, I never felt so happy; but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungered belly. Well, I got a bit of wax candle, and I set fire to one heap, and with the matches I set fire to the other. I then tied up the things that the Lord had given me for my hire in this very handkerchief that I have in my hand. (The prisoner then went on to describe his escape by means of the rope, nearly in the same terms as have been stated, and of his proceeding to Hexham; that on the road the coaches passed him, but he laid himself down, and was never seen.) While I was at Hexham—I think I had been there two days—I had to pray with a poor old woman, and the Hexham man came and tipped me on the shoulder. I's stir'd, or I'd tell thee a little more." This is but a small part of what the prisoner said, but sufficient to show the nature of his defence. The verdict was "guilty of setting fire to the Minster while in an unsound state of mind"—which the Judge directed to be changed into a verdict of "not guilty." The poor mad enthusiast was

confined during the remainder of his life in St. Luke's Hospital' London, and there he died on the 1st May, 1838, after about nine years' confinement. Both his brothers survived him; William dying at the age of 79, in 1851, and John, the famous painter, in 1854.

JOHN TWEDDELL.

John Tweddell was born on the 1st of June, 1769, at Threepwood, near Haydon Bridge, where his earliest years were passed under the care and instruction of a most pious and affectionate mother. He was the eldest son of Mr. Francis Tweddell, an able and intelligent magistrate. At the age of nine John was sent to school at Hartforth, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, under the superintendence of the Rev. Matthew Raine (father of Dr. Raine, of the Charter House), who early discovered those rare endowments which were shortly to win high distinction, and which he treated with no common skill. Previously to his commencing residence at the University of Cambridge, he spent some time under the immediate tuition of Dr. Parr. In 1788 he gained the whole of Sir William Brown's prizes; in 1790 the Chancellor's Medal; and in 1791 and 1792 the Member's Prize for Middle and Senior Bachelors. In the year 1792 Mr. Tweddell was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and soon afterwards entered himself a student of the Middle Temple. The unprecedented honours which attended Mr. Tweddell's academical course are well known. The "*Prolusiones Juveniles*," which were published in the year 1793, furnish an ample and unequivocal testimony to the extent and versatility of his talents. It appears, both from the records of his private sentiments, as well as from his large and constant intercourse with the best sources of English history, and his predilection for political economy, that he would have wished to employ his talents and cultivate address in diplomacy at the courts of Foreign Powers. It was not without a view to this object that Mr. Tweddell determined to travel, and employ a few years in acquiring a knowledge of the manners, policy, and characters of the principal courts and most interesting countries of Europe, which had not become inaccessible to an Englishman through the overwhelming dominion of Republican France. He accordingly embarked on the 24th September, 1795, accompanied by Mr. Webb, a gentleman of fortune, and began his tour. At Hamburg he remained three months, applying himself sedulously to the study of the French and German languages, the principles of commerce, and the rudiments of drawing. From Hamburg he proceeded to Berlin, was distinguished by the British Ambassador, Lord Elgin, pressed with invitations from the great and noble, and caressed by the court. It was the season of the carnival; but pleasure could not draw our traveller from his studies, and his favourite relaxation whilst at Berlin appears to have been the conversation of an elegant,

accomplished, witty, and interesting lady, the Marquise de Nadaillac, a woman who was capable of appreciating his value, and therefore worthy of his friendship. At Vienna, too, the influence of refined female society seems to have possessed the greatest charm for him, and his most intimate acquaintance was the accomplished Duchess de Guise. He traversed the whole of Switzerland like a philosopher, a painter, and a poet, on foot and alone, for his plan had frightened his companion. Here his friends were the distinguished Lavater, the venerable Necker, and his celebrated daughter, Madame de Stael. The old statesman was delighted with our traveller, and declared that "nothing had interested him so much for many years." It is needless to add that Madame de Stael was not behind her father in approbation, and Tweddell says of her that "she had more wit than any man or woman he ever saw." After some time spent with Count Rumford, he passed into the Ukraine, and became an inmate of the Comtesse Potaska's. Here he met his old friends, the Duke de Polignac and family, and cultivated the friendship of Marshal Suwarrow and the Count de Choiseul. From Tulezyn he proceeded, March 27, 1797, to Moscow, where he witnessed the coronation of the Emperor, experienced the particular friendship of Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Whitworth, and he was introduced to the unfortunate Stanislaus, the last King of Poland. He proceeded to Moscow, and under the influence of an unquiet mind, probably the consequence of illhealth, travelled into Sweden, by Finland, and across the Gulf of Bothnia. He returned to St. Petersburg, then passed into the Crimea, and visited his friend, the Duke of Polignac, at Wortooka. In 1798 he traversed the country, and acquired the language of modern Greece, and then went to Constantinople, where he remained a long time busily employed in making observations, acquainting himself with facts, and collecting drawings to illustrate the scenery of that interesting country, and the character and manners of its inhabitants. Writing at this time to Mr. T. Bigge, he said—"My collection of drawings augments rapidly, and is becoming very extensive. I hope to show you such an assemblage of views of this country as has not yet been carried out of it, especially when I shall have caused a part of my own performances to be re-copied by an able master in Italy. I have myself copied the greater part of a portfolio which the Envoy of Naples, Count de Ludolf, has been collecting for many years, and which is very interesting, and I have eight or nine views of the greatest beauty, drawn by M. Preaux, an artist formerly employed by the Comte de Choiseul. I shall have ten or twelve, or perhaps fourteen, views of the single city of Constantinople, exclusively of the environs. I have not been idle myself. I have found the secret of being admitted into the gardens of the Seraglio, and to-morrow morning the gardener will conduct me through paths little frequented, between four and five o'clock in the morning." From Constantinople he proceeded to Athens, where he arrived December 29, and immediately em-

ployed himself in procuring the liberation of the French traveller Fauvil, in a manner highly honourable to his character. And here he fell a sacrifice to his exertions, but not till he had made an excursion to Mount Athos. On his return to Athens in the middle of July, he was attacked by spasms in the chest. The fatigue of his tour in the heat of the dog-days brought on a fever, which, with the rupture of a blood-vessel, carried him off, to the poignant grief of his friends, and the regret of the learned world, at two o'clock in the afternoon of July 25th, 1799. He was buried in the Temple of Thesus in a manner that showed the impression his character had made on his Athenian friends. The commandment's guard, by his express order, attended the funeral procession, and fired three volleys of musketry—"an honour which is unprecedented." A beautiful Greek epitaph, written by the Rev. R. Walpole in 1805, was inscribed upon a white marble slab. Tweddell's name is recorded on a family tablet in St. Cuthbert's Church, Haydon Bridge, with an inscription by Dr. Parr. The *Monthly Review* said of him :—"In the death of Mr Tweddell the public have not only to lament the loss of an excellent and accomplished young man, but also a vast store of accurate information respecting that interesting part of the world, Poland, the Ukraine, the Archipelago, and Turkish territories ; all which Mr. Tweddell had traversed and surveyed with the eye of philosophy, and, we have reason to think, with the intention of communicating the results of his observations to the public. For an expedition of the nature of that in which he was engaged, no man was perhaps ever better qualified ; an ardent curiosity, a clear, discriminating judgment, a profound erudition, and a store of general knowledge, most uncommon at Mr. Tweddell's age, held out the fair hope of future honourable fame to himself, and of high intellectual entertainment to his countrymen, from his eastern travels. But Providence ordained that he should add one to the many instances of disappointment in the generous attempt of enlightening and benefiting mankind." The *English Chronicle* also published the following tribute :—

Is Tweddell gone ? and shall no voice be raised
His high endowments or his fate to tell ?
Shall his bless'd spirit take its flight unprais'd,
Ascend to heaven without one fond farewell ?

Oh, worthy pattern of the human race,
On whom thy Maker shed a ray divine !
Virtue and science caught a sweeter grace,
Woo'd by a genius and a form like thine.

From Cam's applauding banks, with laurels crown'd,
Thou issued forth, thy country's blooming pride ;
Ardent thou rush'd on Græcia's classic ground,
Reach'd thy lov'd Athens—in her bosom died.

JOHN ROTHERAM.

The Rev. John Rotheram was born at Temple House (now called Low Hall), Haydon Bridge, on June 22nd, 1725. He was the son

of a clergyman. After completing his education under his father, who was head master of the Grammar School of the above village, he became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1745. In 1749 Mr. Rotheram sailed for Barbadoes, where his brother had resided for some years, and whilst there he produced a work entitled "The Force of the Argument for the Truth of Christianity, drawn from a collective point of view of prophecy, occasioned by a controversy concerning Bishop Sherlock's discourses on prophecy." His next work was a "Sketch of the one great Argument formed from the general concurring evidence for the truth of Christianity." In 1751 Mr. Rotheram arrived on his native shore, and in the next year entered upon the curacy of Tottenham High Cross. In 1759 he published "An Apology for the Athanasian Creed." In 1766 appeared his most admired work, "An Essay on Faith and its Connection with Good Works," a copy of which we have in our possession. This procured him the patronage of the Archbishop of York, through whose recommendation to the Bishop of Durham he obtained the rectory of Ryton, and who also made him one of his chaplains. In 1769 Dr. Trevor, Bishop of Durham, presented him with the valuable living of Houghton-le-Spring. Being on a visit to his friend Dr. Sharp, at Bamborough Castle, he was there struck with the palsy, and expired in the presence of that excellent man on the morning of July 16th, 1789, aged 64 years. He lies buried at Houghton-le-Spring beside his brother, where a marble tablet is erected to their memories. There is a good portrait of Mr. Rotheram, painted by Sykes, and which was engraved by J. Stow, and prefixed to his memoirs, written by the late Richard Wallis, from which the above particulars are gleaned.

THOMAS COATS, ESQ.

The subject of this notice, Thomas Coats, Esq., of Lipwood House, Haydon Bridge, died on the 13th of January, 1828, aged 53 years. The early part of his life was devoted to the service of his country abroad, but the latter part was passed in the active exercise of benevolence, and in the endearing virtue of domestic life at home. In September, 1821, Mr. Coats, who had returned overland from India, presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle a very fine Egyptian Mummy, in perfect preservation, and of great value. During a visit which Mr. Coats paid to Gournou, the burial place of ancient Thebes, in Upper Egypt, the mummy was dug from its sepulchre by an old Arab, from whom Mr. Coats procured it, and brought it to England. When received it was in the original case or coffin, on the lid of which is carved a very beautiful female face. The coffin is made of Egyptian sycamore. A long scroll of hieroglyphics is painted, in whitish yellow, down from the breast to the feet. The mummy case at the widest part over the breast measured 3 feet 7 inches in girth, and about the middle of the legs, 2 feet 4 inches. The weight of

the mummy, case and all, was found to be 5 stones 4 pounds. The extreme length of the coffin externally is 5-feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the average thickness of the sides 2 inches, of the top and bottom about 1 inch. Mr. Coats says "the mummy was disinterred at Gournou, which seems not to have been, as was stated in the newspapers, the royal burying place of Thebes, though from the more than common care apparent in embalming it there is reason to suppose it to be the remains of some person of rank. The recess in the Lybian Mountains, where are the fine excavations supposed to have contained the remains of kings, is a mile or two from the extensive cemetery of Gournou." In one of those caverns or saloons in the chalky mountains lived the Arab with his family, from whom Mr. Coats procured the mummy. This man had his dwelling place filled with various sepulchral relics, mummy resin, rolls of papyrus, beads, and consecrated vessels, with which his trade of resurrection man had furnished him. He had three fine mummies besides that obtained by Mr. Coats; two of them, very perfect, and highly ornamented, were for the kings of France and Bavaria. The other, a male, was less perfect. During his visit to Gournou, Mr. Coats had an opportunity of viewing a great many mummies in all states and forms. In some places the Arabs were drawing the mummies from pits with ropes. These were not in coffins, but merely swaddled in cloths. Other people were tearing off bandages, and breaking into the breasts and bellies of mummies with their heels to get the resin. The bones and covering were dry and brittle as glass. The burial place for many hundred yards was covered with fragments, and was exceedingly revolting. When the bandaging of some mummies is removed, nothing is discovered but the skeleton united by its ligaments; in others the bones are covered with dried muscles and shrivelled skin. The skeleton generally shows the people to have been below the middle size, not robust, and, from the shape of the skull and features, evidently a distinct race from the Ethiopians.

ALDERMAN JAMES CUNNINGHAM, J.P.

The subject of our present notice was born at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, on the 5th of August, 1797, and is the son of Henry and Eleanor Cunningham, of the ancient house of Cunningham, Ayrshire, which place they left to settle at Haydon Bridge. He received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of the above village, and early displayed that industry and perseverance which subsequently placed him in a high position in social life. Energetic and intelligent, he was not one content to sit down and let circumstances drift him at their will, but was already eager to go forth to win a position among men. He left his native village on April 5th, 1814, being 17 years of age, and went to his brother Francis at Kirkham, Lancashire, where he then studied the excise. He afterwards went into business as hop and malt merchant. Snig

Brook Brewery, in Blackburn, having been unfortunate in the hands of three owners, it passed into the hands of Mr. Cunningham in 1836, who in early life had acquired considerable experience in the making of wines and liquors. Shortly after purchasing the establishment he made great improvements by enlarging it. He also built a large house called Springbourne House, in close proximity to the brewery. His efforts prospered amazingly, and he was soon enabled to read his history in the eyes of a rapidly increasing population. In fact he is a living history of the times through which he has passed. On all occasions he has won the confidence of the working classes, and has never refused to become trustee, or to act in any representative capacity for them. He is a trustee for Queen Elizabeth's School, the deeds of which say Blackburn is a village containing 1,700 inhabitants. When the last census was taken it contained 80,000 souls. He is also a trustee of the Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society, which numbers 100,000 members, including other districts. He was also commissioner for the town of Blackburn before it was incorporated; and, afterwards, when an election was held for the different wards, he was returned for St. Paul's Ward by a large majority over any of the candidates. He was subsequently elected alderman. On November 9th, 1859, he was elected Mayor of Blackburn; and, before leaving the civic chair, he gave £150 for books for the free library, and other donations to charitable objects amounting to £500. He also presented a silver mace, and gave to the Corporation of Blackburn a pair of black and white swans for the park, and other valuable water fowl. He is a large shareholder and director of the Blackburn Gas Company. In 1860 he opened the Free Library, being supported by Lord Hartington, Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and James Heywood, Esq. (late M.P. for the Northern Division of Lancashire), who were the guests of the Mayor—the subject of our notice. The library has been an entire success, so much so that the Corporation found it necessary to build a new library, at a cost of £9,000, on March 10, 1863, the then Mayor and Corporation laying the corner stone of the New Exchange, though for two years previous the building had been going on. Mr. Cunningham, being chairman and a shareholder, was at this time in London, but he had left orders that the Sunday School Scholars of all denominations in St. Paul's Ward—to the number of 7,000—should be supplied with buns and coffee, the latter being made at his brewery at Snig Brook, and carted by his own men and delivered to the various Sunday Schools. In the distress consequent on the cotton famine, he took a warm and practical part, giving £50 to the Relief Fund, as well as providing a large number of soup tickets for the poor operatives. On Wednesday, February 21, 1866, he placed a splendid stained glass window in the church of his native village in memory of his father and mother—Henry and Eleanor Cunningham. The window represents Christ crucified. In 1867 he purchased The Elms, a

splendid mansion built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, near the fashionable watering place of Lytham. Since going to this latter place he has given liberally to churches and chapels of all denominations. He gave £50 towards the improvement of the organ in the parish church, and contributed largely to the restoration of the sacred edifice. In June, 1873, he presented a clock to the public, in which gift, as in his other benefactions, he displayed his earnest practical nature. It is placed in the tower of St. Paul's Schools, and cost upwards of £200. To the inhabitants and public generally it is a great boon. He subsequently gave £100 towards a new church at Billingsend. Alderman Cunningham retired from public life in November, 1873, and the parting between employer and employed was such as has seldom been witnessed, and to mark the memorable event, he gave to each of his workpeople a golden token, as a memento of that occasion. He was presented with a splendid address from the officers and members of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds (Ashton Unity) Widows and Orphans Fund, District of Blackburn, which illustrates the warm place he held in the hearts of the members—he was the founder of the society. In May, 1874, the members of the Licensed Victuallers Association, Blackburn, also presented him with a superbly illuminated address, expressive of their appreciation of the kindness and benevolence which had ever characterised him in his relations with them, and of their hearty wishes for his future welfare. In the year 1875 he presented to the news room of his native village upwards of £20 worth of valuable books; he also sent £20 to be distributed amongst the poor. From an early age he has followed rural sports, such as fishing and shooting—which healthy recreation he follows to the present time. He has for many years been a great patron of coursing, having owned some of the best greyhounds of the day, with which he has won a great number of very valuable prizes. A warm heart beats within his manly breast; he is honoured and respected by all who know him, stands prominent in the ranks of philanthropy, and his progress in life furnishes one of the best lessons that can be given to youth, fully illustrating the truth of the remark that industry and perseverance, in whatever sphere of life they may be exerted, ultimately bring their own good reward. The arms of Cunningham are—argent, a shake fork, sable; crest, a unicorn's head, argent, armed and crined; or, supporters, two conies, proper; motto, "Over, fork over."

The Cunninghams of Cunningham, in good old days of yore,
Were doughty barons stout and bold as ever drew claymore,
Who for their king and country's right in battle foremost stood,
And gave to dye full many a field the Sassenach's best blood.

That night on Carrick's rock-bound shore the warning beacon burned,
To drive the invader from his throne, the royal Bruce returned;
And Cunningham of Cunningham, like lion bold let loose,
Dashed gallantly across the hills to fight or die with Bruce.

In Killiecrankie's mountain pass they fought right gallantlie,
In favour of King James' cause, by the side of brave Dundee;

And many a well-contested field their valour did engage—
 No nobler name than Cunningham exists on history's page.
 O let us cherish proudly, now, their virtues manifold,
 And strive to emulate the deeds they did in days of old ;
 For never shall we know again men of superior worth,
 Than the Cunninghams of Curningham, none nobler lived on earth.

JOHN GREY, ESQ.

The above gentleman was the eldest son of George Grey, Esq., of West Ord, near Berwick. He was born 1785, and married, in 1814, Hannah Eliza, daughter of Ralph Annett, Esq., of Alnwick ; and had, with other issue, George Annett Grey, Esq., of Milfield, near Wooler, J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant for Northumberland, and formerly an assistant Inclosure Commissioner, born in 1816, and married first, in 1839, Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert Neil, Esq., of Roseden ; second, in 1858, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Henry Morton, Esq., Lambton. C. G. Grey, Esq., the third son, who was educated at Richmond, Yorkshire, is magistrate for Northumberland and Durham, and receiver of the estates of Greenwich Hospital in the North of England. The family is descended from a common ancestor with the present Earl Grey, of Howick. Born an agriculturist, his years were devoted to that profession, in which the whole energies of his mind were devoted to aid in the development and improvement of the soil, as well as labouring to raise to the highest state of perfection every description of stock reared upon the farm. In early life Mr. Grey farmed in North Northumberland, where his example, in conjunction with that of the Culley's, Smith's, Scott's, and other high class farmers, created an entirely new system of agriculture. By crossing the ordinary Cheviot and Leicester sheep, the present flocks of these invaluable animals have now attained a perfection unknown. The "Black Prince," as Mr. Grey was familiarly called, was a keen politician, and took a prominent part in the stirring election for North Northumberland in 1826, and many of the measures that have since been passed (and have proved beneficial to humankind) had his able advocacy, and have shown the foresight and wisdom characteristic of the man. When the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital decided to remodel their system of management, many years ago, the large and important estates of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, whose rent roll forms so important an item in the revenue of that admirable national charity, the Government of the day selected Mr. Grey as the chief land agent of the estates for Northumberland. After Mr. Grey entered upon his duties he left the North and took up his residence at Dilston Castle, the seat of the Derwentwaters, and from whence the ill-fated and chivalrous Earl took his departure, *via* Sandhoe, when he joined the rebel army. Shortly after Mr. Grey took up his abode in the halls of Dilston, an elegant and commodious new mansion was erected immediately adjoining the baronial halls. Mr. Grey was not long

in commencing his system of improvements. The late Mr. Grey will always be remembered as a great benefactor to the farming interest. Possessed of a robust constitution, a strong and vigorous frame, he was capable of undergoing great fatigue; but the great monetary panic in 1857, when the Northumberland and Durham District Bank closed its doors, dealt him a severe blow. Being a large shareholder in that unfortunate concern, and having implicit faith in its management, he felt the catastrophe most keenly, not so much on his own account, as from the circumstance that others might have been induced by his example to invest their money and savings in it. He, however, honourably fulfilled all his engagements, but always looked back with regret upon the connection he had with the disastrous undertaking. Finding the infirmities of old age stealing upon him, he relinquished his appointment, and retired to Lipwood House, near Haydon Bridge, to enjoy in retirement and quiet his remaining days. He died on Jan. 22nd, 1868, aged 83 years. He was succeeded in the agency of the Greenwich Hospital estates by his son, Mr. C. G. Grey, who for many years was agent of the Irish estates of the late Prime Minister, the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby, K.G., by whom Mr. Grey was held in great regard for his meritorious services in connection with agriculture. A most delightful memoir of the above gentleman has been issued by his daughter, Josephine E. Butler.

ROBERT NICHOLSON.

To the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.—SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare says—"There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers," and it was to the last-named of these "gentlemanly" callings that the subject of these remarks belonged. When a lad Nicholson attended the Haydon Bridge Grammar School, and among his playfellows was John Martin, who in after years so distinguished himself as a painter. On the death of his grandfather, who was clerk and sexton for several years to the chapelry of Haydon, Nicholson succeeded to these offices. He was sexton for 47 years, and during that lengthened period he had once a fight in a newly-made grave. This singular contest took place on Sunday, April 30, 1847. While Nicholson was engaged in digging a grave for the remains of E. Whitfield, he was interrupted in his work by Nicholas Mitchell, the then parish clerk, who told the sexton that he had no right whatever to make a grave, as he had dug one already. The sexton paid no heed to him, but kept working away with all his might. After some sharp words on both sides, Mitchell leapt into the grave and collared Nicholson, when some "exchanges" were made. Mitchell also seized the spade, and endeavoured to wrench it from Nicholson, but was unable to do so. Nicholson then placed himself at one end of the grave, and with uplifted spade swore he would cleave his antagonist's

head in twain if he did not leave the grave. Mitchell, seeing that he was in earnest, bolted, leaving old Bob, as he was then generally called, victor. We have been told that old Bob remained in the church over the following night, for fear his rival might attempt to fill up the grave. Mitchell, however, had learnt a lesson, and never afterwards attempted to interfere with old Bob and his work as sexton. The deceased had a remarkably good memory, and he was also one of those whom "heaven has blessed with store of wit." Many stories of his ready, witty replies are still told. He lived to the ripe old age of 83 years, while his grandfather lived to the still more advanced age of 95, which testifies to the healthiness of their peculiar calling. Nicholson ceased to pursue the duties of sexton in 1866, after holding it for nearly half a century, a vestry meeting being held in April of that year for the purpose of electing a sexton, as Nicholson was thought too infirm to perform the duties of the office any longer. He died in the almshouses.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmarked and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not,
Each wave receding shakes her less and less
Till bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.—OLD PLAY.

EDWARD COULSON.

Edward was the son of John and Susannah Coulson, Haydon Bridge, and was born April 28, 1754. His father was joiner and wheelwright, and also cleaned clocks and watches. The old man seems to have been eccentric, for on one occasion he made a coffin for Paul Atchinson, but the deceased's relatives would not have it. "Never mind," said John, "it's not fine enough for him, but it will do very well for me." He kept oatmeal in it for several years, and when John died it served the purpose for which it was reserved. Edward's infancy was marked by an extreme slowness to speak, so that at five years old his playfellows called him "dummy." His father, while working in a sawpit one day, at the north end of the bridge, had Ned with him, when he said to his father, "they call me dummy." His father was so astonished to hear him talk that he ran home with great glee to inform his wife that the lad could talk. Ned followed his father's calling, and could work well as a turner, making racks, reels, and spinning wheels. When arrived at maturity he was about five feet ten inches in height, fair complexion, very bony, and surprisingly strong. His chief peculiarity was his extreme swiftness, and he won several races at Haydon Bridge, Newcastle, Durham, and other places with the greatest of ease. He had a brother named William, who was also an excellent runner, and who lost his life in pursuing a beast which had broken

loose. Ned ran much about the country cleaning clocks. He was also a glazier, and travelled chiefly by night, dragging a small cart after him. This rendered him a very peculiar object on the road. It was a small two-wheeled cart, with two shafts, like an ass cart, in which he carried his work tools, materials, victuals, and such things as he picked up about the country. He was a fiddler, not perhaps a remarkably good one, but he could boast of an attainment which is much less common, he could perform on his violin whilst he ran along the road, and with the instrument behind his back. He could run with the greatest of ease before a post-chaise, and he has often alarmed travellers by passing them, then hiding himself, re-passing, and at length bidding them good night. He had a method of putting his finger in his mouth and producing a sound somewhat resembling the report of a pistol, and this he mischievously employed to intimidate travellers. He has often been sitting in the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, when travellers have arrived wet with perspiration, caused by the fright he had given them. He often travelled to places at a great distance from home, to Jedburgh and other places over the Scottish border. One of his feats which attracted notice was his going to Stanhope in Weardale, a distance of 50 miles, on an express errand for Mr. Tweddell, of Threepwood Hall. It was a winter night, and the state of the roads, owing to an extraordinary storm, was such as to render them almost impassable. However, he started off and travelled all night, and returned to Threepwood Hall next morning. Mr. Tweddell was astonished at finding Ned in the hall, and inquired of him the reason for not going to Stanhope. "Oh," replied Ned, "I have been there and back again, and here's an answer to the message I took." His courage seems to have been equal to his strength and swiftness. He has frequently gone to the old church at Haydon alone at midnight and rung the bell, and he would also make his way into the pulpit, light a candle, and read a chapter of the Bible. But he gave better proof of his fearlessness by walking along the parapet of the bridge at Haydon Bridge with two pecks of corn upon his back, which he was often seen to do. Of the many pedestrian feats which we have heard related of him, it may not be uninteresting to give the following, especially as our informant can vouch for its correctness:—Having gone to Harlow Hill to clean a clock, he found after getting there that he had forgotten some of his work tools, which could neither be dispensed with nor procured in the village. He came home to seek them, went back and finished his job, and returned the same night to Haydon Bridge, thus walking sixty-five miles, besides performing a piece of work. In fact, he reached home in time to take a successful part in some athletic sports which were held on a green by the side of the river. On one occasion Ned was at Brampton races, and the sports being over, an intimate acquaintance of his, Mr. W. Rowell, blacksmith (our informant's father), asked him how he enjoyed it. "Oh, none at all," said Ned, "I can run as fast as any of the horses." Strange

to say, a match was made for the sum of one guinea. Ned was quite willing to try his speed against a certain horse, the distance being from Brampton to Glenwhelt public-house. They kept pretty even until reaching Denton toll-bar, and the gate being closed the rider was obliged to draw his horse up. Ned, however, never halted, but leapt over the toll-bar, astonishing the rider, who inquired of the toll-bar keeper who the man was. It appeared they knew him, for they answered by saying that it was Ned Coulson, of Haydon Bridge. "No, no," replied the rider, "it must be the devil, as no man can keep pace with this horse." The rider went no farther, but Ned finished the distance, and as a proof that he had done so he got the landlord of the public-house in Glenwhelt to write a few lines to that effect. Ned returned, and arrived at Brampton before the rider, the latter having been completely pumped out. Even when a boy he persisted in going to Hexham for the groceries which were required by his parents, and frequently ran to Hexham for a single pound of sugar, which he might have readily procured in the village. In a previous part we have mentioned the habit he occasionally indulged in of going to the old church near midnight and reading from the Bible. One night a party were astonished to see the old church dimly lighted up, and filled with mingled feelings of fear and curiosity, they slowly approached the ancient edifice. When they reached the gate one of the party, named Forster, exclaimed, "that with the help of the Lord he would see what was inside." On entering the edifice they were surprised to find Ned, clothed in the minister's surplice, in the pulpit, quietly reading aloud a chapter from the Bible by the light of two candles. Ned was sometimes mischievously inclined. He was once engaged to clean a clock belonging to Mr. Joshua Davidson. The clock, soon after being cleaned, did not keep such correct time as the owner naturally expected it would do. On the clock being again taken to pieces, it was discovered that Coulson had taken out two brass wheels and substituted two wooden ones in their place. He was fond of gathering herbs, and after his death his room was found very full of them. He also amassed together a large number of bad half-crowns, which were given to him in the course of his peregrinations, but he never attempted to pass any of them upon any one as genuine money, but kept them carefully hoarded up in his room. We have already remarked that Ned played the violin. He used various contortions of the body while performing upon it. He has often been witnessed in his native village with one leg suspended across the arm which held the violin, whilst he merrily scraped the strings with a long pipe. Ned had often some neighbours in his house at nights for a little chaff before retiring to rest, and when he thought they had remained long enough he would take his Bible and read the following:—"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."—Proverbs xxv., 17. Ned had his antipathies as well as his prepossessions. He entertained

a particular dislike to swine, and abhorred their flesh, professedly in observance of the Jewish law. He left home on one occasion, leaving the key of his house with a neighbour. That individual took it upon him to hang a fitch of bacon in his house. On returning home and entering his dwelling Ned perceived the bacon at a glance, and refused to enter until it was removed, which was speedily done by the person who placed it there. Both his parents lived to a ripe old age, and were buried at the old church at Haydon. It appears the old woman's funeral was not managed to the satisfaction of Ned ; the spot where his father had been buried being covered with stones, she was not laid close beside him. This so displeased Ned that he went no more to church, nor would he ever after pay church dues. He having been away on one of his excursions at the time when the bridge which here crossed the river was in part taken away by a flood, he could not on his return get across with his cart. Some workmen, however, managed to drag it over, whilst he made his way through the water alone. This is believed to have caused his death, as he got a cold which fixed upon his lungs. Feeling his end approaching, he desired to be removed to the residence of a person of his own family name, who lived up North Tyne, but who was no relation to him whatever. Here he soon died, not surviving his removal more than a few weeks. He was never married. In his dress he affected a shabby genteel, wearing ruffles at his breast, and he carried a staff of a peculiar sort—a thick, twisted stick, which was his constant companion. He was interred at Bellingham, on December 27, 1807, aged 54 years.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD CHURCH AT HAYDON.

During the sixteenth century, the period to which this story relates, but the precise date of which we are unable to give, there lived at Alton Side Farm, a Mr. Davison, who on one occasion had a tailor, belonging to Haydon Bridge, employed making him some clothes at his house at Alton Side. We may here remark that Mr. Davison had a servant girl, who seemed to make it her duty at intervals during the day to torment the knight of the thimble by repeating a catalogue of questions respecting the cloth, which was the material of the clothes he was making for her master. Such as "What may that cloth be per yard?" "Is it really worth so and so?" "Were you not jesting when you told me it cost so much. I would like so well to have a jacket made of that cloth. William would scarcely know me?" meaning her lover. The tailor's patience at length becoming exhausted he promised to make her a present of as much cloth as would make her a jacket on the following condition, viz., if she would go to the old church at Haydon, and bring the communion book from off the table at the lonely hour of mid-

night. To his astonishment she unhesitatingly undertook the task. Meanwhile time sped on, and the hour arrived for her to start. Dressing herself, she boldly set off, remarking she would not be long in being back. The tailor was surprised at her daring. It was a beautiful night, the moon shining in full splendour. She took a circuitous route by way of West Brokenheugh and Plunderheath, arriving at Old Haydon at the midnight hour. On entering the grave yard she walked cautiously and silently until reaching the door, which, to her dismay, was open. She peered into the sacred edifice, then, withdrawing her head, looked calmly around, when suddenly she was startled by the loud screech of an owl. She however entered the church, and gliding softly up the aisle to the communion table, seized the book, and concealed it in her bosom. On leaving she was alarmed to some extent at hearing, close by, some whispering and fast approaching footsteps, but with great presence of mind she re-entered the church, and hastily concealed herself behind the door, there to await what now seemed to her to be the commencement of a tragic scene. Scarcely had she time to do so when two men were seen coming towards the hallowed pile, which they immediately entered, carrying with them, or rather dragging after them in the most inhuman manner, what appeared the inanimate form of some poor female victim, for the purpose of depositing it in a grave, which she could now see by their movements had been previously dug within the church, and which accounted for the door being open on her first arriving there. Instead of fainting, as most of her sex would have done had they been so situated, she became more and more nerved for the task, for no sooner had the men turned to go towards the grave than she silently slipped out unobserved, and with rapid strides was crossing the church yard in a homeward direction. Ere she had gone many paces her feet became entangled, and she fell heavily upon the grass. Regaining her feet, curiosity led her to look for the cause of her falling. After a short search she found a bow-arrow, which, by the aid of the moon, shining more brightly, she at once recognised as that of her lover's. Wondering why it came there, she took it to Alton-side, and concealed it in an out-house previous to entering her master's dwelling to produce the book. It is true her face was flushed, and well it might, but this was unnoticed by the assembled group that awaited her return. The tailor acknowledged the bold undertaking was worth the prize, and faithfully fulfilled his promise; her master declared he was proud of having such a daring girl, and said he would not have gone for all the cloth in Haydon Bridge. The book was returned to its proper place, but whether on the day following her adventure I am not able to say. She never mentioned what she had witnessed either to her master or the tailor. Her lover came a courting as usual on Saturday night, when a conversation took place between him and his fair one, the latter asking where he was at a certain time upon a certain night,

to which he replied "at home." "Your bow-arrow," she inquired, "where is it?" "At home," he replied. She then asked if what he said was true, and he answered in the affirmative. "Stop!" she said, "what you have said is false as regards the bow-arrow being at home," and, quick as thought, from the place of concealment she produced it; but no sooner had he beheld the bow, than he snatched it from her hand. Pacing to and fro, and flourishing the weapon above his head, he enquired in a husky, agitated voice, how it came into her possession? Becoming alarmed, she was making towards the door when he quickly stepped before her and demanded an answer to his question, adding, "it may be worse for thee." She saw he was growing desperate, and therefore related to him what she had witnessed in the Old Church at Haydon, and as she did so, he trembled like an aspen leaf. Making towards the door he raised the latch, then, turning sharply around and drawing himself up to his full height, said "Farewell! I bid you a long farewell." He hastily closed the door, and with rapid strides left the place, and was never more heard of. By his sudden flight from the neighbourhood he escaped the rigour of the law, as has also been the case with similar brutal outrages of more recent date; such as that at Stonecroft, near Newbrough (now called the "murder house"), where an old woman named Elizabeth Renwick was barbarously murdered; that in Homer's Lonning, near Walwick Grange, where Joseph Hedley (known as "Joe the Quilter") met with a similar fate, and also at the Darn Burn, about two and a half miles east of Haydon Bridge, on the old road leading to Hexham, where James Brodie, a drover, was murdered.

THE SMUGGLERS OF THE MOOR.

Even at so late a date as the beginning of the last century the majesty of the law was held as of little account in the wild and sparsely-settled districts of Northumberland. Traits of the old Border marauders yet lingered among the inhabitants, and many a wild faction fight took place at the date of our story. The protection of life and the protection of property were entrusted to reputable and influential country gentlemen, who were directly appointed by the Government of the day. At the time of which we write the district south of the Tyne had long been entrusted to the care of William Lowes, of Williamoteswick Castle, whilst the North Tyne was under the supervision of Charleton, of Leehall, near Bellingham. These two gentlemen, like too many of their own class in those days, were at open feud, and managed during a series of years to keep the whole of that part of the country in a continual state of uproarious confusion. Encounter after encounter took place. Through time the whole of the friends and dependents of the squires were drawn into the quarrel, and thus it happened that a state of things similar to that obtaining amongst the Scottish clans was in

existence over the English border. In all these affairs Charleton, in point of courage, was the better man, Lowes invariably saving his life, but not his honour, by ignominious flight, the swiftness of his fine horse serving him in good stead. In one affair so nearly was he overtaken by his enemy that his life was saved by an old woman opening a gate for the passage of Lowes, and shutting it in the face of Charleton. Perhaps this itself would hardly have saved him, if the horse of his pursuer had not been thoroughly tired out with galloping from Haltwhistle; still on this occasion Charleton passed the gate after some delay, but Lowes reached the castle before his opponent. On another occasion, near Bellingham, a fierce onslaught was made on Lowes. His enemy, watching an opportunity, attempted to stab Lowes in the thigh; the thrust, however, missed aim, and striking the horse on which he was seated killed it instantly. He was thus left almost defenceless, but with apt presence of mind, however, escaped by vaulting upon another horse standing near. The affair is thus alluded to in an old ditty long sung on the Borders—

O, kensta Will Lowes,
O, kensta Leeha',
O, kensta Will Lowes,
The flower o' them a'.

O, had Leeha' but been a man,
As he was never nean,
He wad have stabbed the rider,
And letten the horse alean.

For some considerable time after this the hot-headed squires do not seem to have met. At length, however, they engaged in deadly conflict near to Sewingshields. After desperate struggles on the part of Lowes to escape, he was taken prisoner and carried away in triumph by his rival. Charleton must have been a most implacable enemy, for it is recorded that he chained Lowes to the huge grate of his kitchen fire at Leechall. Here he allowed him just sufficient length of chain to get his victuals at the table along with the servants, the conqueror evidently desiring to show the degraded victim that he did not consider him in any way worthy of the treatment of a man. The friends of the captured gentleman were not strong enough to rescue him, and the law itself in cases of this kind was only laughed at. The affair was degrading to the Lowesites, and plan after plan was formed and suggestions made to effect a release, but they failed through want of what in Lowes himself had made his name a bye-word in the district. They were all in despair. Perhaps Charleton would not long continue comparatively an innocent treatment of his prisoner. He might proceed to extremities, and even the life of the captive was in the most extreme danger. In this dilemma aid was sought in another quarter. At Chesterwood, near Haydon Bridge, lived a man of resolute and determined character, Frank Stokoe, who was possessed of great personal strength, united to extreme dexterity in the use

of the sword and other weapons used in border warfare. He was a man of gigantic stature, fearless courage, thorough independence, and dangerous as an enemy, and was universally feared, if he was not universally respected. To this individual, then, was proposed the task of liberating the unfortunate squire. Nothing loth of the undertaking, Stokoe at once accepted the duty, and promised faithfully to use his best endeavours in the rescue. Thus the task being set about in this most willing spirit by this determined fellow, the squire's friends had little doubt of a successful result. Stokoe made his preparations secretly, and himself warned all the followers he intended to aid him, to be ready at a moment's notice to attempt the execution of a particular design he had formed. Early one summer morning the Laird of Leehall was aroused from bed by his servants, and informed that a large number of armed men had surrounded the house, and that they were there for the purpose of getting the person of Lowes into their possession. Charleton could hardly believe his senses at first. That he, the Laird of Leehall, should be besieged in his own house, was something bordering almost on the incredible. But he had to face the circumstances. His followers were unwilling or afraid to act against Stokoe, whose resolute character was well known, and who was already requiring the release of the prisoner and threatening the place with immediate destruction if his demands were not speedily complied with. Charleton, seeing no alternative, reluctantly gave him to Stokoe, who restored him to his family, and thus ended the feud, neither party interrupting each other afterwards. One winter night, after retiring to rest, Stokoe was aroused from sleep by his daughter with the intelligence that some persons were trying to draw back the bolt of the door. As he had reason to suspect some of his neighbours of treacherous intentions towards him, he arose and stole gently to the door. There he perceived a knife passed through the open space between the door and the wall, by the lateral movement of which the oaken bolt was gradually drawn back a short way, so that in a few minutes the door would have been open. He instructed his daughter to stand behind the door, and as the knife was withdrawn to push the bolt quickly back again, but without alarming the party. He then took his musket, and loading it with slugs, descended through a trap door in the floor into the cowhouse below, all peels being built on this plan. A door also led outward from the cowhouse. The door to the dwelling being reached by a flight of heavy stone stairs outside, as may yet be seen in many parts of Northumberland. Stokoe cautiously unbarred the door and emerged at the bottom of the stairs, when perched on the top of the platform were seen four or five men with a dark lantern, busily employed in the task of drawing back the bolt in the manner already described, totally unconscious of the futility of their efforts, or of the proximity of an opponent so dangerous. After carefully surveying them for a few minutes, in order to satisfy himself as to who they were, he

broke silence in a thundering voice, "You d——d, treacherous rascals, I'll make the starlight shine through some of you," and discharged his weapon at the same moment. The holder of the lantern staggered across the stairhead and fell headlong down the steps, shot through the heart. His terrified companions jumped over the wall and fled in all directions. Stokoe hastily entered the house, closed the door, and retired to his bed as if nothing particular had happened. On the following morning a frozen stream was upon the stairs, a sheet of blood at the door, and a track of the same hue to a neighbouring wood, where, in a hastily-formed grave, lay the body of the midnight robber. In 1715 Stokoe, along with several other borderers, joined the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater in his ill-fated rebellion against the established Government. He escaped from Preston by clearing a high wall with his horse, but arriving in the north was obliged to hide from his pursuers, his friends giving out that he had fled into France. We next find him in London in disguise, in company with several others, with the intention of taking the body of their ill-starred leader to his native Dilston, the Government having thought proper to refuse the lifeless corpse to the wretched widow. During his stay there an Italian swordsman of considerable reputation was challenging any man in England to a proof of his skill, and Stokoe, at the persuasion of his companions, was induced to accept his challenge. The skill of the foreigner consisted chiefly in perplexing his antagonist with his rapid movements, thus endeavouring to throw him off his guard, when at a favourable opportunity he would plunge the sword into his heart. Stokoe, instead of pursuing his nimble antagonist, kept to one particular place, warding off with apparent ease any attempt at a cut. The foreigner, tired at length of the immoveable stolidity of his antagonist, made a furious and unguarded lunge, when, in a moment, the sword was struck out of his hand and that of Stokoe passed through his heart. The adventurer writhed for a second and then expired. A voice from the crowd cried at the moment he fell, "Well done, Stokoe!" Astonished at finding himself known, he withdrew with precipitation. Stokoe and his friends succeeded in accomplishing the object of their journey, and the remains of the amiable and lamented Earl were safely deposited in the vault of his ancestors. The affairs of Stokoe after this began to decline. He was a proscribed man, and a certain family in that neighbourhood having taken possession of part of his property, threatened to give him up when he appeared to claim it. He was, however, included in the general pardon, but his property was never restored, part of it passing along with the Derwentwater Estate to Greenwich Hospital, the other to the family already alluded to, and Stokoe sunk into the grave a poor man. Some of his descendants are still living in the immediate neighbourhood of Haydon Bridge.

JACK STOKOF,

Frank's brother, was a man of his own stamp, residing in a diminutive and unpretending dwelling in one of those rugged ravines so common in the wild and uncultivated moors, which stretch between the North and South Tyne. From the period of the first rearing of this hut, it had been the constant resort of smugglers, poachers, and of those who either evaded the law, or openly set it at defiance. The place itself had a most mysterious air about it. To a stranger, the house seemed without a definite entrance. No door was observable. The initiated, however, first entered an obscure and filthy cow-house. Proceeding through this, at the imminent hazard of breaking the neck over an old cow, or still older donkey, scrambling over hurdles of heath and innumerable fragments of wood, tin, and other refuse left by tinkers, besom makers, and others of the like tribe, you at last observe, in the dim uncertain light, a small doorway, emerging through which the inmost recesses of the murky den are unfolded to view, consisting of one large, square, and undivided room, the entire furniture, utensils, and the inmate's whole wardrobe and effects being at once exposed. The flooring of this dwelling corresponded with its accessories. Formed of the tenacious mortar-like clay of the boggy moors, neither smooth nor well laid as such floors generally are, but disfigured by inequalities, and broken into shapeless holes by rough usage, and by the wear and tear of repeated footsteps in the soft material, it had never been considered worth the inmate's while to take the trouble of levelling or filling it up. Yet, although this room is the habitation of the lord and master, the light of day and the healthy air of the moors has no greater chance of entering it than of the adjoining barn. The only window it boasts being of scarcely greater dimension than two ordinary panes, and, as if this did not abundantly render "darkness visible" and exclude the cheering beam, a part of it is stuffed up with the tails of a coat, a wisp of hay, a brimless hat, or an endless *et cætera* of nameless articles enveloped in an old sack. The "loft" above is formed of rough sticks, still bristling with the attempted polish of the hatchet, rudely crossed and interlaid with rods and accumulated rubbish, and on this is "stowed away" a large quantity of peat, turf, and hay. The means of communication betwixt the depository of stores and the region below is by a short ladder or *stec*, as it is styled in those parts, usually occupying a prominent position in the midst of the floor. Jack Stokoe was a man of great personal strength and resolute character. He carried on an extensive trade in tea, brandy, illicit wares, and kept in his employ several followers, entrusted with the charge of a number of those ponies or shelties which have proved so well adapted to the purposes of the inland contrabandist. His manner of life was viewed favourably by the lower orders, and connived at by the farmers and country gentry, and no exciseman had ever the hardihood to enter his

dwelling, or otherwise molest him. It happened, however, that a revenue officer, a stranger in those parts, succeeded to the charge of the district, to whom intimations having been conveyed of the nature of Stokoe's dealings, he determined, on the first favourable opportunity, to bring him to account. The occasion soon presented itself, he being secretly informed of the arrival of a very large quantity of spirit. The exciseman at once applied to the nearest magistrate for a warrant of search. The worthy dispenser of law, who was, it seems, of the squire Inglewood school, strongly advised him against such a measure, assuring him that Stokoe was an extremely dangerous man, and disliked very much to have his private affairs too minutely scrutinized—above all, by gentlemen of a particular class, and that he regarded the life of a man in a case of that kind as little as that of a dog. But the officer was not to be swayed from what he considered his duty by such appeals to the weaker side of his humanity—so after obtaining the warrant he set forth on his mission, alone, but well armed. On arriving at the house, Stokoe and a little girl were ascertained to be the only inmates. Nothing daunted at the formidable aspect of the former, he at once courageously stated his errand. Stokoe simply nodded, but neither spoke nor stirred from his seat in the chimney corner. The gauger then commenced ransacking the house from the closet bed in the corner, turning all the bed clothes out upon the floor, to the bulky oatmeal chest behind the door, but without success. He then lifted and tossed over the straw and litter in the cow-house, prying curiously into every hole and aperture, but nothing appeared. The loft filled with hay next attracted notice, and he expressed a desire to explore it also. Stokoe pointed to the ladder, but still preserved his imperturbable silence. The gauger ascended accordingly, highly elated at the gratifying manner in which he had bullied his stalwart host, and, no doubt, fully satisfied that a bold face will carry a man through any difficulty. Greater part of the hay he tumbled into the room below, but without meeting with anything like the article sought. Tired and disappointed, he descended the ladder and prepared to depart. "Lassie," cried the smuggler in a stern voice, speaking for the first time since the gauger entered his house—"Lassie, bring me Brown Janet." The girl disappeared for an instant behind the bed, and returned with a large oak sapling, enough to have felled an ox. "Now, you rascal," cried the smuggler, taking the stick and stepping between his visitor and the door—"if ye have licence to turn an honest man's house upside down—ye mun leave it as ye fand it." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the astounded gauger, now beginning for the first time to think that he had met with an ugly customer. "Mean," roared Stokoe, in a furious voice, flourishing his ponderous cudgel about his head, "why, I mean you must stow that hay away in its place, or," uttering a tremendous oath, "I'll break every bone in your skin." The gauger stepped back and drew a pistol from his pocket,

but ere he could present it, a blow from Brown Janet sent it whirling to the other side of the house, where it harmlessly exploded, and in another second the cudgel was close to his face, whilst a glare of savage fury fired the eyes of his antagonist, and the scowl of wrath ruffled his ferocious features. The terrified gauger supplicated aloud for mercy, promising to replace everything, and never to trouble him more. Stokoe, after taking the remaining pistol from him, commanded him to "fall to," and he fell to accordingly, toiling and carrying the hay in small bundles up the rickety ladder, at the utmost bodily peril. For four hours did he labour, and during the whole of that time did his taskmaster stand by him, cudgel in hand, without uttering a word. When he had finished, Stokoe told him to be seated, and as this request could only not be gainsayed, but was also very acceptable, he obeyed. His host then disappeared behind the bed, and returned with a Brown Janet of a different description, to wit, a huge bottle or "grey-hen" of brandy, or, as the poet otherwise expresses it, of "moonlight sun when moon was none." He filled up a measure of the raw, and handing it to his guest, desired him to drink. The latter did not hesitate to comply, but drained the cup with a relish that furnished abundant proof that the non-payment of custom-house tribute had deprived the liquor of none of its genuine properties. "Now," said Stokoe, "you can go—you are the first that ever searched my house—and in consideration of your being a stranger, I forgive you ; but mind, if you come a second time, get measured for your coffin before you leave hame." The place where Stokoe resided was near to Grindon Farm, called Nettley Hole, but there is not a vestige of the old house standing at the present time.

NOTES.

January 16, 1138.—King David sent William, son of Duncan, with many Scots to ravage Northumberland, being himself employed at the siege of Wark. A party of Scots, crossing the Tyne at Warden, were attacked with such impetuous courage by the young men of Hexham that not one escaped.

1279.—In the *Iter* of Wark, being a record of the criminal court, held under judges of the Scottish crown, assembled at that place this year, the only one of which a record has been preserved, is found the following case :—"Thomas Robson broke at night into the house of Ralph Bond at Newbrough ; and Ralph Bond, arising from his bed, seized his sword and struck at random in the dark about his house, and inflicted on Thomas Robson two wounds in his thigh, from the effects of which he directly died. The other burglars escaped, and are not known." At Newbrough there seems to have been a family bearing the repulsive name of Unkutheman (uncouth man). Cecilia, the wife of John Unkutheman, of Newbrough, destroyed herself in her own chamber with a certain razor,

Roger Graunge and William Bene are presented for having fished in the lake of Hugh of Grendon (Grindon Lough), by the order of William the Terrier (Terrarius), of Hexham, and against the will of the said Hugh.

April 4, 1296.—24 Edward I.—In an inroad of the Scots, the priory of Hexham was burned down by these invaders.

November 7, 1297.—The Scots returned. They lodged in Hexham, and maltreated the religious, notwithstanding their letters of protection from the Earl of Murray and Sir William Wallace.

1306.—Edward the first was testing records in the presence of several great officers of state at Lanchester, on August 10; at Corbridge, August 14; at Newbrough, August 28, 30, 31, and September 4; at Bradley, September 6 and 7; at Haltwhistle, on the 11th, and at Thirlwall on the 20th, and at Lanercost on October 4, at which house he continued all winter.

1323.—Anthony, son of Thomas de Lucy, Baron of Langley, procured a charter for a market and fair for Haydon Bridge.

1346.—Hexham pillaged by David King of Scots, where he remained three days, and made the Abbey the place of his muster. His army amounted to 2,000. According to other accounts, he commanded 40,000 men. His army was soon after defeated at Neville's Cross.

1422.—John Parker hung at Haydon Bridge for felony.

May 14, 1464.—John Nevil, Marquis of Montague, general of the forces of Edward IV., gained a decisive victory at the Linnolds, near Hexham, over the forces of the deposed King Henry VI. The Abacot, or cap of state, adorned with two rich crowns, was found upon one of Henry's attendants; and his general, the Duke of Somerset, was taken prisoner and beheaded at Hexham, as were several other distinguished characters.

1516.—This year the streets of Haydon Bridge were desecrated with the murder of Matthew Harrison by Robert Hutchinson, who stabbed him in the right breast with a lance staff, of which wound he instantly died, and for which the murderer and his father, Thomas Hutchinson, as accessory to the crime, fled to Durham for sanctuary.

May 27, 1518.—John Stokow of Nunbus, near Newbrough, went to the church of Durham, and there sought refuge, because on the day of the Invention of the Holy Cross, in the year before, with a dagger at Nunbus aforesaid, he deathfully struck one Robert Ordsley on the right shoulder, by giving him a mortal blow, of which he instantly died.

January 21, 1528.—A band of border thieves, led by William Chariton, otherwise called "Willie a Shotlynoton," the head rebel of all the outlaws, and one Harry Noble, Archebald Dodd, and Roger Armstrong, entered the bishopric of Durham, robbed many

persons in the neighbourhood of Wolsingham, and carried the Priest of Muggleswick away with them a prisoner. On their return homewards, the Tyne being flooded, they could not pass by any of the fords, and were, therefore, compelled to attempt a passage at Haydon Bridge, on which there was a gate, barred, chained, and locked against them; and being set upon by the bailiff of Hexham, and the Constable of Langley Castle, with their followers, the thieves were compelled to abandon their horses and seek safety on foot; but being pursued by Thomas Errington, the Constable of Langley Castle, and others, with a slough hound, they were overtaken, and in the conflict which ensued, Charlton and Noble were killed; Armstrong and Dodd taken prisoners, and tried at a Warden Court held at Alnwick for the purpose, on the 27th of January. Armstrong was subsequently hung in chains near to Newcastle, and Dodd, at Alnwick. The bodies of Charlton and Noble were, also, hung in chains, the former at Hexham, and the latter at Haydon Bridge. The prompt and vigorous measures adopted by the Earl of Northumberland on this occasion so daunted the thieves that on Sunday, the 26th of January, as the Earl was returning from High Mass at the Parish Church of Alnwick, William Lisle, Humphrey Lisle, William Shaftoe, and others of their adherents, in all to the number of eighteen persons, unconditionally presented themselves before him, in their shirts, with halters round their necks, and humbly kneeling on their knees, surrendered to the king's mercy. The whole of these men, however, with the exception of Humphrey Lisle, were put to death, and the chief leaders were drawn and quartered, and the heads and quarters of them that were so executed for high treason were caused to be set up on the dungeon of the castle of Newcastle, and in sundry other prominent and open places most apparent to the view and sight of the people, and to the consternation of all the true inhabitants of their parishes, and to the extreme terror of all other seemable offenders. The condition of the English and Scottish Borders, from the earliest period until the Union, was burning, devastation, and massacre, and the thieves and robbers, called moss-troopers, were headed by chiefs who were themselves a banditti, and it was only a matter of indifference whether they preyed upon the opposing frontier or their own countrymen. They followed the laws, manners, and customs of ancient Britons, and were commanded by border chiefs; and when any of their clansmen sustained any injury, the landowners and upholders were all bound in honour to contribute to whatever loss the injured parties might sustain. The Elliotts and Armstrongs were always chiefs among the tribes of freebooters. They considered it out of the question to acknowledge the civil authority either of England or Scotland, and maintained a precarious subsistence by predatory excursions upon all the district round about. Their castles, or peel houses, where they stored their booty, and rallied in the time of danger, are still seen in some quarters, their ruined heights being visible to the eye of the traveller

as memorials of a lawless age. The manners and customs of this country have now undergone very great improvement. The advance of commerce, and the opening of turnpike roads between the years 1750 and 1760, introduced more safe and honest dealings in those remote and sequestered places, where it was quite common, in former times, for men to make their wills before they undertook a long journey, which was often travelled on foot, and their goods sent on pack-horses to all the principal towns in Great Britain. Then the greater part of the cottages were stone and sod, covered with rushes and turf, but principally a clay dabbing, and thatched, scarcely the height of a man. It was not uncommon to see men of rank riding to market on horseback, with a fresh-cut turf for a saddle, and with a girth and stirrups made of twisted straw. Farmers carried manure to the fields in creels or panniers, sitting behind them on the horse's back to pull out the pegs which released the bottom of the creel and discharged the load. If he chanced to draw one peg before the other the full creel swung round, and sometimes turned the driver from his seat. Pack-horses did not disappear until the year 1830, previous to which long trains of them might have been seen in the vale of the river Tyne, winding their slow, laborious way.

October 24, 1530. — Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh was murdered at Greensilhaugh, near the farm house of Wydon Eals, by William Ridley, Unthank, gentleman, and Hugh Ridley, of Hawdon, in Plenneller, and others of the same name, as appeared on a view of the body by the coroner of Northumberland, on the 26th of October, in the same year. The event is quaintly told in Surtees' famous ballad :—

I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
 Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys and Thirlwalls, and a',
 Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonehaugh ;
 And taken his life at the Deadmanshaw ;
 There was Willimoteswick,
 And Hard-riding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wa'.
 I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

II.

The auld man went down, but Nichol his son,
 Ran away afore the fight was begun ;
 And he run, and he run,
 And afore they were done,
 There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,
 As never was seen since the world begun.

III.

I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 Some gat a skelp, and some gat a claw ;
 But they gard the Featherstons hand their jaw—
 Nichol, and Alick, and a',
 Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane ;
 Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.—(stolen or plundered.)

IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig ;—(neck)
 Ane gat a bunch (punch) o' the wame ;—(belly)
 Symy Haw gat lamed o' a leg,
 And syne ran wallowing hame.

V.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright !
 Lay him now wi' his face down—he's a sorrowful sight—
 Janet, thou donot,—(silly slut)
 I'll lay my best bonnet,
 Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

VI.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,
 We's a' be hanged if we stay,
 Tak' up the dead man, and lay him anent the bigging ;
 Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,
 Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
 That sup'd up the broo, and syne—in the piggin.—(an iron pot)

July 24, 1538.—Liddesdale men came to the Barony of Langley to the number of six score, and laid them at the Busie Gappe (Busy Gap), and sent forth seven men and seized six oxen. At six o'clock in the morning the alarm was given through the country, and those that were near went forward in all haste. Richard Carnabye and Gilbert were in Haydon Bridge at the time. The Scots killed at the same time a proper man of the Barony of Langley, one Alexander Pearson.

October 16, 1555.—Nicholas Ridley, the Venerable Bishop of London, suffered martyrdom along with his friend Latimer, being burnt at a stake before Baliol College, Oxford. He was born at Willimoteswick, and received the rudiments of his education at Newcastle, from whence he removed to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship in 1524. He was master of Pembroke Hall in 1540; Prebendary of Canterbury in 1542; and in 1547 Rector of Monksodham, in Cambridgeshire; in the same year Bishop of Rochester; in 1550 Bishop of London. Some accounts say he was translated to Durham after Bishop Tunstal's departure in 1552. It is of Elizabeth, wife of John Ridley, of the Walltown, of whom the Bishop took farewell in the following affectionate terms:—"Farewell my beloved brother, John Ridley, of the Walltown, and you, my gentle and loving sister Elizabeth, whom, besides the natural league of amity, your tender love, of which you were said ever to bear towards me above the rest of your brethren, doth bind me to love. My mind was to acknowledge this your loving affection, and to have requited it with deeds and not with words alone." Deeds, however, which the noble martyr was never permitted to perform.

1583.—So wild and insecure was the country between Newcastle and Carlisle, that the judges of assize were escorted by an armed force; at this time even Hexham market was attended by "a hundred strong border thieves," who overawed the country

people, whom they robbed. When Lord Chief Justice North came this circuit in the days of Elizabeth, the village of Bywell, through which the road passed, was inhabited by expert handicraftsmen, who worked in iron, "village blacksmiths," who became inured to bear arms; and the tenants of each manor in the Barony of Bywell being bound to guard the judges in their progress, the service devolved on those stout and hardy men. The Lord Chief Justice describes his attendants as wearing long beards, short cloaks, and long basket-hilted broadswords hanging from broad belts, and mounted on horses so small that the rider's feet and sword touched the ground.

January 16, 1585.—Nicholas Ridley, of Willimoteswick, sheriff of the county, died. Two men and a woman were committed to prison by Sir John Forster on suspicion of having caused his death by witchcraft.

1599.—In a list of Border clans, Willie o' Kinmont, with Christie Armstrong and John Skinbank, are mentioned as leaders of a band of Armstrongs. William Armstrong, called Willie o' Kinmont, was descended from John Armstrong of Gilnockie. Willie o' Kinmont was a stark freebooter. When the Earl of Angus, attended by Buccleugh and other border chieftains, marched to remove a certain earl from the King's councils, the town was pillaged by the borderers, particularly by a party of Armstrongs under Kinmont Willie, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but took the iron gratings off the windows. At this time Grandy's Knowe was invested by moss-troopers, their leader being one of the Armstrongs of Gilnockie. Sir Robert Cotton and Mr. Camden were deterred from following the course of the Roman Wall in the year 1600, as stated by Camden:—"From hence the wall bends about by Iveston, Forster, and Chester on the wall near Busy-Gap, noted for robberies, where we heard there were forts, but durst not go and view them for fear of the moss-troopers." And Warburton, who was Somerset Herald to George II., and published his "Vallum Romanum" in 1753, says, in reference to the same subject, "such was the wild and barren state of this country, even at the time I made my survey (1715), that in those parts now called wastes, and heretofore the debateable grounds, I have frequently discovered the vestiges of towns and camps that seemed never to have been trod upon by any human creature than myself since the Romans abandoned them; the traces of streets and the foundations of the buildings being still visible, only grown over with grass. And it is certain that it was not till after the accession of George III., in 1760, that the King's writ might be said to run throughout the country." But times are altered now, and instead of meditating mischief to their neighbours, they in a great measure unite and form themselves into societies for the rearing of stock and the promotion of agriculture; and in place of thinning their neighbours' folds, they meet at agricultural shows with a good cow and horse, and implements of agriculture, to contend for the prize of honour.

1619.—Lord Walden at this time writes that he cannot persuade honest people to live in Tynedale, for that the people there already dwelling are lawless, and hold their land independent of all treason and felony.

1624.—This year, Adie Usher, of Liddesdale, was tried and executed on the Borough Moor of Edinburgh for cattle thefts in Tynedale. He had, with his son, then hardly sixteen years of age, driven sheep, cattle, and goats from Sewingshields, Hesleyside, and several other places. Usher's son was pardoned on account of his youth.

1631.—The Sheriff of Durham was ordered by the King and Council to apprehend offenders damaging the river Tyne, and to carry them to the Mayor of Newcastle.

1632.—In the spring of this year, Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston, purchased the extensive Barony of Langley, for a very large sum, from the Earl of Annandale.

1671.—The following is an abstract of Sir Francis Radclyffe's (first Earl of Derwentwater) rent roll, in the Barony of Langley, in which is inserted a few of the tenant's names. The figures of the account are not always filled in. The rents were due at Pentecost :—

BARONY OF LANGLEY.—Lowhall Hill Cloase, Strother Cloase, Little Hill Cloase.....11 and Bogle, Tedcastle, Lees, Loaning Foot, Plankey Vaux, Harsingdale, Silliurca, Harlow Hill *alias* Lough, Deanraw, Langley Castle (Humphrey Little and Robert Hudspeth, £30.). Lightbirks, Dinnetley, Elrington (John Errington, Esq., 12s.; Mr. John Radclyffe, £1 13s. 4d.; Benn. Carr, two farms, £3 6s. 8d., &c.). Woodhall, Woodhall and Milne House; Woodhall Mill, Lipwood, Cuttsbill, Whinately, Peel Well, East Brokenheugh (Richard and John Ord, gentl., £16.). Rattan Raw, Broomhill, Haydon Bridge (Francis Elrington, gentl., for Jane Maughan, Widow, £1 6s. 8d., &c.). Haydon Towne, Tofts and Hall Orchard, Page Croft, Millhills, Altonside, Plender Heath, Haydon Bridge Mill, New Mill and Bote (*blank*), Land Ends, Allerwash, West Brokenheugh, Fourstones (Mr. William Charleton, late John Errington, £6, &c.). Fourstones Colliery (Arthur Shaftoe, late John Legg, £5), Costley Demane, Bagraw, Langhope, Haydon Bridge Walk Mill (Mr. John Radclyffe, 15s.), Grindon (Mr. Alexander Stokoe, £1).

The few figures given represent a half-year's rent.

1680.—Mrs. Ursula Mountney, of Stonecroft, widow, left by will, dated July 16th, an annuity of £3 a year to the poor of the Parish of Hexham.

1681.—Smelting works were in operation at Woodhall Mill—which are mentioned in the Household Book of Dilston—where, on November 19th of the above year, there is an entry of “paid John Taylor (smith), two tan'd hydes—bought of William Robson—for making new bellawes for the Lead Milne at Woodhall, 2£; and again on December 9th, John Coulson, of Hexham, three hydes bought of him by John Taylor (smith), for bellawes for the Woodhall Lead Milne, 2£ 5s. Also, on the 18th, Henry Farlam (slater), for slating the oare house at Woodhall Lead Milne, 3£ 6s. 10d.”

1697.—A Latin inscription is cut out on a large flat stone, and placed in the wall of the porch of the Haydon Bridge Grammar School, of which the following is a translation :—"This School was founded and liberally endowed in the year of our Lord 1697, by the Reverend and most learned Mr John Shaftoe, Master of Arts, Vicar of Nether Warden, in this County. Nothing is needed in praise of so generous a person, this work alone will speak for all his other benevolent acts."

1700.—About this year Nicholas Armstrong accused William Lowes, of Crow Hall, of having instigated two of Armstrong's brothers, William and Thomas, to cut out the tongue of William Turner, of Crindledykes. Turner's tongue was, however, not so entirely destroyed but that he was able to tell, in full court, the whole story. He said that William and Thomas Armstrong went up to him while he was trying to catch a horse on the common, and at first threatened to shoot him, but afterwards cut out his tongue, and also cut off his right ear and part of his cheek. Lowes denied the charge of instigating the deed, and retorted that Charlton, of Lee Hall, knew more of the affair than he choose to tell. It appears the Armstrongs attacked Turner in revenge for his giving information against them in a horse stealing case.

1709.—CANALS.—Application was made to Parliament and leave obtained to bring in a bill to make the river Tyne navigable from Newburn to Hexham; the Corporation of Newcastle opposed the measure as likely to be ruinous to their port. Similar projects were revived in 1795, but they ended with no better success. The cost was estimated, from Stella to Hexham, at £89,795 7s. ; and for making it complete between Newcastle and Haydon Bridge, £162,059 14s. 6d.

1745.—General Wade, with his army, encamped at Kingshaw Green, near Warden.

1749.—A bill for vesting land in the Barony of Langley, and other Derwentwater estates, for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital, received the Royal assent.

1749.—At this period the Parish of Whitfield, comprising 12,157 acres, had only 3,231 acres of enclosed ground. The roads through the parish were mere track-ways; and the principal employment of the people was the conveyance of lead ore to the neighbouring smelt mills, in sacks, on the backs of ponies. The turnpike-road through the parish was first made under authority of an Act of Parliament passed in 1778.

August 25, 1753.—A fire broke out in the dwelling house of Mr. Thomas Forster, merchant, Haydon Bridge, which burnt with such fierceness that in a short time it consumed five dwelling houses. Two days after the fire, Forster, having being suspected as the incendiary, was found in an out-house, near the Old Sun, with his throat cut.

March 9, 1761.—A serious riot took place at Hexham between a very large concourse of people, collected to oppose the balloting for the militia, and a troop of the North York Militia. After Ensign Hart and a private soldier had been killed, the magistrates commanded the militia to fire upon the mob, fifty of whom were killed on the spot, and about 300 badly wounded: one man from Haydon Bridge (west quarter) named Nicholas Forster, was killed; another, named William Lamb, was wounded, having a fracture in the right leg.

November, 1762.—The bridge across the Tyne at Ridley Hall was carried away. The river was running very high, caused by incessant rains.

April, 1763.—Died at Newbrough, Alice Wilson, aged 111 years; she enjoyed good health till within three days of her death. In the same parish there was living, at the same time, a woman named Ann Simons, 115 years old, who rode abroad and practised midwifery.

July 29, 1765.—About three o'clock in the afternoon, Elizabeth Renwick, an elderly woman, was murdered in her house at Settlingstones, near Newbrough, while the family were in the hay field, and robbed of £58. The murderer had used her most barbarously, several parts of the house being stained with her blood.

November 13, 1765.—Died at Newbrough, Jane Hogarth, aged 106 years, who retained her senses and the use of her limbs to the last.

1765.—Warden Church was almost entirely rebuilt. In 1681 the churchwardens had represented it as "being in a ruinous state, and the windows unglazed."

June 3, 1766.—A man was married at Allendale Church to his fourth wife. It is somewhat remarkable that this man had been fifteen times published in that church, with different women, and by the same clergyman.

January 26, 1771.—The ancient Market Cross, which formerly stood at Old Haydon, was removed down to Haydon Bridge and placed in front of where the Odd-Fellows' Hall now stands. After remaining a very short time, it was then removed to the Red Gate, east of the Low Hall Farm House. It was the intention of the late Mr. Francis Tweddell, of Threepwood Hall, to have it conveyed to his residence. This was never done. About the year 1835 a large drain was being made in a field near Low Hall called "The Haugh," and one of the workmen, named James Nichol, actually broke up the Old Cross and put it into the drain. Rather a strange end for such a relic.

November 17, 1771.—A great flood early this morning. It flowed over the whole village, which obliged the men, with women and children on their backs, to wade almost up to their neck to the

Grammar School, where they found sanctuary; when the Rev. Mr. Harrison behaved with the greatest humanity, by getting them fire, also food and raiment from his house. The inhabitants of the north side of the village found shelter at Broomhill, no houses being nearer the village at that time. The bridge was carried away, and not a bridge was left standing but Corbridge. Scarcely a village or cottage house from Tyne Head (in Alston) to Shields escaped its destructive fury.

September 26, 1772.—River Tyne swollen very high; the centre frame of the new bridge, just beginning to be built at Haydon Bridge, together with all the boxes, materials, and tools of the workmen, were swept away; the ferry boat was also taken away, to the great loss of travellers in that district.

March 13, 1773.—As John Briddick, the Allendale postman, was going his usual journey to Hexham, being mounted on an animal of the Galloway kind, he objected to the additional toll at the turnpike-gate, saying "It was a shame to demand three-half-pence for his pony, which was no bigger than a dog; and rather than submit to such an imposition, he would take his pony upon his shoulders and walk through with it." This he did, affording the gate-keeper a good laugh for his three-halfpence.

August 23, 1773.—The centres were struck from the two arches, Haydon Bridge, rebuilt by Messrs. Leybourn, Nicholson, and Maddison. One arch was 78 feet to the cord line, and the other 69 feet, and they were thought to be two of the finest and largest arches that had been built on any part of the river Tyne.

July 5, 1776.—Haydon Bridge and district was visited by a terrific thunder storm. At Kingswood a girl, servant to Mr. Wilson, while milking a cow, was struck dead by the electric fluid; strange to say the cow was unhurt. Two horses while grazing on a fell near Newbrough were also killed by the lightning.

February 19, 1782.—Died at Mill House, Bardon Mill, aged 100 years, Margaret Smith.

March 10, 1782.—There was a heavy fall of snow, and next morning a very heavy rain, with a strong, fresh wind, which carried off the snow, and raised the river Tyne higher than ever remembered, except the flood in 1771. The rapidity of the current threw down Ridley Hall Bridge, and also rendered the bridge at Haydon Bridge impassable.

August 20, 1789.—The foundation stone of Ridley Hall was laid by John Lowes, Esq., at a depth of nine feet below the surface. Mr. and Mrs. Lowes each made the workmen a handsome present.

October 10, 1778.—As some workmen were digging gravel for repairing the highways, near the Haydon Bridge Grammar School, they found the skeleton of a human body of an extraordinary size, the skull being entire and all the teeth in the jaws. Two or three

dropped out after being exposed to the air ; the under jaw was very strong, and had all the teeth except one in the middle, which seemed to have had some defect before death, though it was not out.

1792.—The stone bridge that spans the river Tyne at Ridley Hall was completed this year, having been built at the expense of the county.

1797.—Newbrough church, dedicated to St. Peter, was erected this year. Its site in the Stonecroft grounds is such as devotion itself would have choosen, sweet, silent, and sequestered, in a cemetery of more than two acres, with a solitary lane on one side, and surrounded with lands rich in herbage and trees, overlooked by distant heights on every side. In a contiguous field is St. Mary's Well, the mouth of which is arched with masonry, and at one time had a bath before it. This perennial fountain is by the side of the path from Newbrough to the church ; and in old times, by the aid of the Virgin, did many marvellous cures. But this Siloam of the surrounding villagers is broken down ; and they can now no longer resort hither to "wash and be clean."

December 10, 1805.—In the evening of this day was found dead on the road near the Low Gate Toll Bar, Hexham, Thomas Graham, tallow chandler, Haydon Bridge. It was remarked a strange dog was lying by the body when found, by Robert Potts and Adam Scott, two young men belonging Haydon Bridge. It would not suffer them to come near until forced to do so. It afterwards followed the body to Haydon Bridge, up into the chamber where the body was laid ; and being banished out of the room it found his boots in another, and lay down upon them. It also followed close behind the hearse to the old church at Haydon, where he was interred ; and was also seen many days afterwards howling and scratching upon the grave. The dog belonged to Mr. Armstrong, butcher, Hexham. Mrs. Baty, of the Grey Bull Inn, Hexham, the place where Mr. Graham set out from, heard a dog howling horribly as he left her house. His death was caused by a fall from his horse. He was 42 years of age.

December 21, 1805.—About ten o'clock in the forenoon, one of the arches of the bridge at Haydon Bridge, about 95 feet in span, which had long shown evident signs of weakness and decay, fell with a tremendous crash just at the time a number of people were passing to church. One unfortunate man, named Thomas Nixon, sunk with the ruins to the depth of forty feet, but was taken out alive, but with a broken thigh bone, and otherwise much bruised. He lived many years after the accident, and died at a good old age.

January 15, 1814.—The frost was most intense ; the river frozen over, and had been for some time ; villagers were busily engaged in bringing large bundles of sticks down the ice from the Redheugh Wood.

December 29, 1815.—A great flood in the Tyne, two of the arches of the bridge at Haydon Bridge were entirely swept away.

March 17, 1819.—Died at the Almhouses, Haydon Bridge, William Corbitt, at the advanced age of 95 years. When young and living at the Nunsbush, near Newbrough, he was employed in carting straw to Kingshaw Green, for the army of General Wade; he also went on board ship, and was several voyages. He at last settled down at Haydon Bridge, and was many years parish clerk and sexton.—Robert Nicholson, grandson of the above, was appointed clerk and sexton for the Chapelry of Haydon.

THE ESKDALEMUIR TRAGEDY.

November 14, 1820.—On the above day a base and heartless murder was perpetrated on the farm of upper Cassock, in the Parish of Eskdalemuir, the victim being one John Elliott, of Towhouse, an inoffensive and youthful pedlar; and the perpetrator of the atrocious act, one James Gordon, *alias* McDonald. The particulars of the case have been published in pamphlet form, copies of which are now almost unobtainable; but it is more from the connection of Elliott with the vicinity of Haydon Bridge that we now devote a few lines to his unfortunate fate. We remember often hearing some of the older inhabitants reciting a metrical account of the above tragedy, which commences:—

John Elliott was at Towhouse born,
A slender, simple boy,
Of tender mind and weakly frame,
Unfit for hard employ.

Elliott appears to have been travelling on the Scotch Border, where he formed acquaintance with Gordon, this latter telling the youth that he knew of a place where he would be able to dispose of his wares, and it was whilst they were travelling over Eskdalemuir, a lonely and unfrequented route, that he killed Elliott by battering his head with the clogs belonging to the deceased, which were found lying near him besmeared with blood. A shepherd found the body on a place called Stillbush Edge, on the 26th November, it having lain 12 days. The alarm was soon raised, and Gordon, who was blind of an eye, and pock-marked, was subsequently apprehended with some of the goods belonging Elliott in his possession, part having been sold by him. The meeting of the victim with Gordon to the fatal day, and their journeyings together, were very minutely traced by the evidence produced at the trial, and clearly showed that the scoundrel, for the sake of a few paltry wares the youth carried, had determined to have his life. He was tried at the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Dumfries, in April, 1821. Gordon was found guilty and sentenced to be hung; on hearing which he declared he was not guilty of the crime. He was executed on the 6th of June in the same year.

May 3, 1825.—The foundation stone of the north pier of an intended chain bridge over the river Tyne, at the West Boat, was laid.

July 9, 1825.—Died at his residence, Haydon Bridge, the Rev. Samuel Richard Hartley, Master of Arts, and Head Master of the Grammar School.

November 7, 1825.—Mr. John Mulcaster, Langley Mills, perished in a snow storm, between Threepwood Hall and the above place. Deceased was 74 years of age.

January 3, 1826.—A murder was committed upon the body of Joseph Hedley, better known as Joe the Quilter, at Homer Lane Cottage. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, and was greatly lamented by all who knew him. The parish of Warden offered one hundred guineas for the apprehension of the murderer. Joe had made a vigorous resistance, as he had upwards of forty wounds upon his body. He had been preparing for supper, as a large pan of potatoes was found by the side of the fire when the murder was discovered. The house in which Joe lived, a whitewashed one with a thatched roof, easily seen from the Border Counties line of railway, has now been pulled down.

December 21, 1826.—A man named William Brown was found drowned near the Penny Well, Haydon Bridge. His head was scarcely covered with water. It was supposed he had been stunned by the fall. Deceased was 74 years of age.

February 7, 1829.—A swan was shot near Haydon Bridge, which was discovered to be a new species, perfectly distinct from the common wild swan.

July 24, 1829.—Haydon Bridge and neighbourhood was visited by a tremendous thunderstorm. The lightning was awfully grand, and continued from three o'clock in the afternoon until near eight in the evening. The rain fell in torrents, Low Hall burn rose to a fearful height; the new bridges at Langley Toll Bar and Gees Wood were entirely swept away, as well as the wall or quay erected at a great expense, for widening the road in the Esplill Cleugh. The Low Hall Bridge was covered with water to a great depth, the battlements were thrown down, and the road on the west much damaged. The Post Office, and several cottages near it, were completely inundated, and the inhabitants sustained a severe loss. Ralph Heslop, letter carrier, saved himself by wading up the street from the Post Office to the Anchor Inn, nearly to the neck in water; his mother, who kept the above office, had a narrow escape from drowning. It appears she had got on to the top of a coalhouse for safety; but, the water rising very fast, she would have been washed off in a very short time, when some of the villagers seeing her, got her from the perilous situation at the risk of their own lives. Several large trees were carried up the street by the flood, and upon one of them was perched a bantam cock. The lightning struck the wooden ventilator on the top of the highest chimney at Langley Smelt Mills, and tore off several of the planks. At Chesterwood the electric fluid entered the chimney of a cottage occupied by Mr. James

Telford, setting fire to the bedclothes in which a child was sleeping. The mother seemed paralyzed and was unable to move. The father sprung from his seat and snatched the little one from the very jaws of death. It also struck a massive oak seat which was erected outside of the house, tearing it into atoms. The oldest inhabitant never could remember witnessing such a thunderstorm.

1829.—Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Bill received the Royal assent.

November 27, 1829.—On this evening was found drowned, Mary, wife of William Urwin, boot and shoemaker, Haydon Bridge. Deceased was found underneath the bridge; she had gone out of her house and is supposed to have walked over the quay wall, the night being very dark. It was near to the tanyard, and was a most dangerous place at that time. Deceased was 76 years of age.

January 10, 1830.—Died at Broadstone, Haydon Bridge, aged 72 years, Mr. William Davison, builder. When living he stood 6 feet 1 inch in height, was well built, and was a remarkably strong man. He has been seen to lift from the ground a half-barrel of ale and drink from the bung hole; also to twist a strong poker in all manner of shapes, and to double up a half-crown with his teeth. On one occasion a man named Topping had been missing a short time, and search was made for him in an outhouse adjoining where Davison lived. The persons in search found a door securely fastened within, and it flashed across their minds that the object of their search was inside. Attempts were made to wrench the door from its hinges, but these being unsuccessful Davison bade his companions stand aside a few minutes, which they did; he then placed his heels firmly in the ground, and, throwing the whole weight of his body against the door, it gave way with a crash. On entering the place they found Topping hanging from a beam quite dead. Davison was also an excellent walker, and there are parties living at the present time who can well remember him leaving the village and walking to North Shields and back the same day, in fact reaching home in time to take part in a feast which was held that evening by the friendly society, at the Black Bull Inn. Many other feats which he performed could also be related. He was a quiet and inoffensive man, and much respected. He left a family of eight sons and two daughters. The following are the names and heights of the sons:—William, 6 feet 3 inches; Robert, 6 feet; Joseph, 6 feet; George, 6 feet; John, 6 feet 3½ inches; Richard, 6 feet 1 inch; Thomas, 6 feet ½ inch; and Ralph, 5 feet 11 inches. It will be seen by the above that they were a remarkably tall family. The writer has heard it stated that it was a grand sight to see William Davison going to his work closely followed by his stalwart sons, and it was a sight that has not been witnessed in our village or district since. Some of the sons were very powerful men. Joseph, when 18 years of age, has been known to lift four 12 stone pigs of lead. Robert also performed some remarkable feats of strength. The two sons

just named were both born in one year, stood the same height, and, strange to say, were exactly the same weight.

June 13, 1831.—The Rev. John Hodgson, Vicar of Kirkwhelpington, and author of *The History of Northumberland, &c.*, under the direction of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, on this and the following days, had a number of workmen employed in disintering the remains of several curious Roman buildings at the famous ancient Roman city of Borcovicus (Housesteads). George Gibson, Esq., of Reedsmouth; the Rev. Anthony Hedley, of Whitfield; the Rev. James Raine, of Durham; Mr. Thomas Hodgson, of Newcastle, and Mr. R. W. Hodgson, were also present during part of the time the excavations were carried on. These researches laid open the southern gateway of the fortifications of the place, two granaries and kilns contiguous to each of them for drying corn, and a very perfect hypocaustum for heating the water of a tank.

May 2, 1833.—Five poor boys were unfortunately drowned in a coal pit at Kingswood, from the sudden in-rushing of a quantity of water from an old shaft.

October 28, 1833.—Mr. Hugh Lea Pattinson obtained a patent for an improved method of separating silver from lead. Mr. Pattinson's process was first introduced at the Langley Smelt Mills, near Haydon Bridge.

January 17, 1835.—Died on this day, at Chesterholme (Vindolana), the Rev. Anthony Hedley, M.A., a man of literary taste and considerable antiquarian acquirements. He was some time incumbent of Hexham and curate of St. John Lee, Whelpington, and Whitfield, and one of the original members of the Society of Antiquarians of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He did much to promote the study of primeval archæology in the fruitful region traversed by the Roman Wall. Biased by his taste for antiquities, he was led to select, as his abode for life's evening, the beautiful valley of the Chinley Burn. The rural hall arose at his bidding, nearly every stone of which was chiseled by Roman hands. The miliary, which told to Hadrian's soldiers that another mile had been traversed, stood by his barn. The Station of Vindolana was in his grounds, and many beautiful altars and other important relics that he had dug out of it. He could tell where the prætorium stood, where the standards were deposited, and where every soldier slept. Scarcely were all the arrangements for his comfortable residence at Chesterholme made, when death seized him as its victim, whilst imprudently superintending (when somewhat indisposed), the exhumation of an urn in the station. His mortal remains were a few days afterwards deposited in the church-yard at Beltingham. A tablet is erected to his memory.

November 2, 1835.—As the mail coach was returning from Carlisle to Newcastle it was upset at Coastley Dene. One of the wheel horses fell, and the remaining horses with the coach were

precipitated into the ravine below, the coach rolling two or three times over, until it was stopped by a tree. The coachman, J. Atkinson, was thrown from his seat and was so dreadfully mangled that he died immediately. Two outside passengers and the guard escaped by leaping off the coach. Two ladies and three children who were inside also escaped uninjured, though they rolled down the bank with the coach. The passengers and mail bags were forwarded to Newcastle in a chaise.

June 28, 1836.—That portion of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway between Hexham and Haydon Bridge was opened with great splendour. Two trains, one drawn by the Hercules, and the second, consisting of six railway carriages and eleven trucks, drawn by the Samson, left Blaydon about eleven o'clock with the directors and their friends. The party arrived at Haydon Bridge a little before two. At various parts of the line flags were hoisted, and discharges of guns took place as the trains passed. The numerous company spent a delightful day, without the slightest accident.

June 7, 1837.—Died at Haydon Bridge, at the advanced age of 101 years, Elizabeth Henderson.

August 8, 1837.—Whilst some workmen were quarrying stone on Barcum Common, one of them, named Thomas Pattinson, found in the crevice of the rock a vessel in the form of a casket, with a lid which worked on a hinge, and was secured by a spring bolt. The vessel was found about eighteen inches under the soil, and contained sixty-three coins, three of gold, the rest of silver. The gold coins were: one Claudius Cæsar, reverse Nero Claudius Drusus Germanicus; one of Nero; and one Vespasian. Of the silver coins: three were of Golba; one Nero; one Otho; fifteen Vespasian; eight Domitian; one Nerva; seventeen Trajan; four Hadrian; and ten of various Empresses. The gold pieces were separately wrapped up in a piece of greenish leather or vellum, which was still quite strong and tough, and many of the coins were as fresh as if just from the die. It is supposed that this treasure had been deposited about the year 120, the date of Hadrian's memorable expedition to Britain. The finder of these coins imagined them to be worth £1,000, and made a harvest by going up and down the country exhibiting them as curiosities. He refused to hand them over to the Duke of Northumberland, who claimed them as lord of the Barony of Wark, which is one of the most extensive land baronies in the kingdom. On the 15th December, 1837, a writ of inquiry of damages from the Queen's Bench, in the action of "The Duke of Northumberland v. Thomas Pattinson," was executed at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, before Mr. Gibson, the Under-Sheriff of Northumberland, and a jury. Mr. John Fenwick, as steward of the Barony of Wark, appeared on behalf of his Grace, and read an extract from the third institute of Lord Coke. Witnesses having been called, including the late Mr. Joseph Fairless, and Mr. John Trotter Brockett, F.S.A., who estimated the value of the coins at

£18, the jury returned a verdict for the Duke of Northumberland for £18 damages.

October 10, 1838.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Oude passed through Haydon Bridge by train for Carlisle.

1838.—This year a Roman altar was discovered in the foundations of a house at Hardriding, near Bardon Mill, recording that Decimus Caius (the son of Aurelius Victor), prefect of the second cohort of the Nervii, in the free performance of a vow, dedicated this altar to the god Cocidius, who was synonymous with Mars. The period is that of Hadrian. It was presented to the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle, by Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart.

March 7, 1838.—Mr. Michael Maughan, Walkup Houses' Haydon Bridge, was found dead in a field near his own house. Deceased was 74 years of age.

June 18, 1838.—The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway was opened throughout its whole extent do-day. An engine named the Rapid, was despatched as an advanced guard, without any train, and was followed by thirteen other engines, drawing 120 well-filled carriages. The number of passengers in all the trains was estimated at nearly 4,000. The gay procession was cheered enthusiastically as it passed through Haydon Bridge.

January 7, 1839.—This day is known as "Windy Monday." It was such a tempest of wind as never was witnessed here by the oldest inhabitant. A rumbling sound was heard in the air about ten o'clock the previous night; and soon after midnight it burst forth with resistless fury, spreading terror and devastation on every hand. Chimneys were blown down, slates were torn off the roofs of houses and carried to great distances. Trees that had stood many a blast yielded to this terrible tempest. The stubborn oak, that disdained to bend, was dashed headlong to the ground. At one time the storm abated a little, but soon the sounding squadrons of the air returned to the attack, and renewed their ravages with redoubled fury. All was uproar in the elements; people were almost frightened to venture abroad. There has not since been such a tempest of wind in this district.

February 1, 1839.—A melancholy case of drowning occurred to-day at Haydon Bridge. The river Tyne being frozen over, several boys were sliding upon the ice, when the ice broke, and one George Spark fell in. Another boy, named Robert Wood, observing the perilous situation of his companion, went to his assistance; and in endeavouring to save the life of Spark, the ice gave way with him, when he too disappeared underneath. His body was recovered shortly after. Spark was saved.

July 17, 1840.—A melancholy case of drowning occurred in the river Tyne at Haydon Bridge. It appears that a boy named John Cant, 9 years of age, was returning from school (his parents living at

the north side of the village), when he went home by way of the Tan Yard, where he endeavoured to cross the river at that place, but was drowned.

December, 1840.—An event, displaying the extreme point to which certain impressions can be carried, took place at Low Stublick, near Haydon Bridge. Ann Laing, housekeeper with Mr. T. Errington, agent for the Stublick Colliery Company, one evening retired to rest as usual, nothing being perceived in her appearance to indicate that she was labouring under any mental infirmity. Errington was awoke about two o'clock in the morning by his housekeeper shaking him violently, and telling him that she could not succeed in cutting her legs off with the axe, that she must take them off with the saw. On examination it was found that the unfortunate woman had inflicted on one of her legs no fewer than 13 cuts, the bone being splintered in several places. Her other leg was likewise severely injured. On inquiry into the cause for her so injuring herself, the only reason which she assigned was, that she could not enter heaven with her feet on.

1841.—The News Room and Library at Haydon Bridge built by public subscription.

January 29, 1842.—Died at his seat, Ridley Hall, early on the morning of this day (Saturday), John Davidson, Esq. He was in the 45th year of his age. Mr. Davidson married, in 1825, Susan, youngest daughter of Lady Anna Maria Jessop, but he left no issue. He served the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland for the year 1839.

July 4, 1842.—A boy named John Davidson, son of Mr. Ralph Davidson, builder, Haydon Bridge, was drowned this afternoon about four o'clock in the river while returning from church.

April 22, 1843.—A violent thunderstorm passed over Haydon Bridge and neighbourhood. A farm house at Greenridge, about four miles south of Haydon Bridge, occupied by Mr. W. Dodd, was struck by the lightning, which destroyed the furniture. The house was also much damaged, but fortunately the family escaped unhurt. A goose which was sitting upon some eggs in the kitchen had the eggs and nest entirely destroyed, but was itself uninjured.

December 12, 1846.—One of the greatest snowstorms which has occurred during the present century commenced this morning. The trains upon the various railways were greatly delayed, and towards the evening they were brought to a standstill. The storm extended as far north as Edinburgh, south to Darlington, and west to Haydon Bridge. Much injury was done at various places to household property during the storm by the falling of roofs, owing to the immense quantity of snow accumulated upon them. A thaw set in on the evening of the 18th, and the snow gradually disappeared. The river rose very high.

February 7, 1847.—The village of Newbrough, situated about three miles east of Haydon Bridge, was thrown into a state of great excitement by a report that Thomas Proud, hind to Mr. Maughan, of Newbrough Lodge, had been murdered by a young man named James Welch, a labourer at Prudham Quarry (but a native of Ireland). It appears a child of Proud's had been baptised during the day, and the parties had afterwards retired to a public house kept by Mr. Richard Surtees, Newbrough. Whilst there Welch and Proud quarrelled, and when the parties left Welch followed Proud and cut his throat with a clasp knife, both jugular veins being cut through. The wound extended to the vertebræ. The murderer was apprehended in Charles Head's public house, Fourstones, by Mr. George Ridley. He was placed at the bar, on February 26, before Mr. Baron Rolfe, and after a patient hearing the jury, after an absence of an hour and ten minutes, returned into court finding the prisoner guilty. He was executed at Morpeth, on March 7th. He was only twenty years of age.

June, 1847.—In the latter part of this month a silver coin was found in a field at Lead Birks, the coin being of the reign of Henry VIII.

June 22, 1848.—Haydon Bridge and neighbourhood was visited by a most violent thunderstorm.

July 13, 1848.—A young man named Thomas Dixon, a tailor, belonging to Newcastle, was drowned this morning about six o'clock in the river at Haydon Bridge.

January 18, 1849.—Mr. Ralph Reed, of Haydon Lodge, Haydon Bridge, died very suddenly this afternoon at the Tofts. His company having been desired to follow the remains of Mr. W. Todd to their last resting place, the deceased arrived a little before the time appointed for the interment. While sitting in the house in conversation with several other gentlemen, he suddenly leant back in his chair on which he was sitting. The rest sprung from their seats to support him, but, alas! their assistance was of no avail, the vital spark had fled. Deceased was 59 years of age.

December 3, 1849.—A sad and fatal accident occurred at Melkridge, to Mr. Thomas Cowing, son of Mr. Matthew Cowing, High Moralee. The deceased and Mr. Nicholas Maughan had been at Haltwhistle, and on leaving the latter place on their return home they tried the speed of their horses, dashing off at a furious rate, but had not gone far when deceased's horse galloped against the end of a house occupied by Mr. Liddell, Melkridge, killing the rider on the spot.

February 21, 1850.—Died at East Land Ends, Haydon Bridge. Mr. Matthew Henderson, aged 45 years, whose death was occasioned by a fall from his horse.

May 7, 1850.—Died at Haydon Bridge, aged 74 years, Mr. Henry Murray, for many years master of the Grammar School of the above village.

July 3, 1850.—Died at Halton, in the county of Chester, the Rev. Robert Tweddell, M.A., third son of Francis Tweddell, Esq., Threepwood. Deceased was for many years Incumbent of Chester. He was interred at Northenden, in the above county, and was 77 years of age. A tablet is erected in St. Cuthbert's Church, Haydon Bridge, as a token of respect and affection by his only surviving child, Jane Westgarth Tweddell.

January 15, 1851.—Mr. George Pickering, of Bardon Mill, was found dead this morning. It appears the deceased had been at the "Green" public house the night previous, and was returning home, when he (being quite blind) had fallen over a wall by the turnpike, and only a short distance from his own house.

December 8, 1851.—Died at the house of Sarah Ramsay, Haydon Bridge, James Edgar, aged 61 years. Deceased was a native of the above village. His parents died while he was in his infancy, and when very young he enlisted into the Coldstream Guards, and served in the Peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington, and was engaged at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. Edgar received a silver medal for being present at this memorable battle.

July 7, 1852.—A violent thunderstorm visited Haydon Bridge. The thunder and lightning was something awful, with such a deluge of rain as has been seldom witnessed, the streets in the village being completely flooded, and the water came rushing down some fields (known as the Cootshields), totally flooding California Gardens, the road leading down to them being rendered impassable. The passenger train which left Haydon Bridge at four o'clock, met with a serious accident at Capon's Cleugh. The burn which runs underneath the arch at that place, and which empties itself into the South Tyne, was running so high that the ordinary channel could not contain the water; so the railway at that point became flooded. The engine and tender had just got over when it gave way with a crash; the carriages were broken into fragments, and Mr. Richardson, the guard, fell through the bottom of his van and was carried down the burn right across the river, and landed unhurt on the south side; but, happily for him, the river was not running very high at the time. No passengers were killed, but some were injured. The rails were twisted and turned in all shapes. The railway bridge over Allerwash burn was carried away, and also Capon's Cleugh bridge and road. At Catton and Low Stublick the storm raged with great fury, houses at the former place being flooded. In one house a large kitchen table was carried out. Roads and fields were much damaged. At Low Stublick the storm was equally violent. The electric fluid entered a dwelling house occupied by Mr. Thomas Stokoe, killing a dog lying underneath a chair which Mr. Stokoe

was sitting upon; it also turned an eight-day clock completely round, taking a large piece off the case; and dashed a female against a door, smashing it open. A cottage house at West Greenridge, unoccupied, caught fire and was destroyed. At Nubbick Farm, about one mile and a half from Low Stublick, there was scarcely a drop of rain. They were occupied clipping sheep all that day, and were never once stopped by the rain.

November 14, 1852.—A young man named John Thompson, son of George Thompson, ostler at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, was lost this evening in the river Wansbeck, near Morpeth, and was found at North Seaton, on March 2nd, 1853, having been in the water over fifteen weeks. Deceased was 22 years of age.

December 15, 1852.—George Cowing, of High Morley, was drowned off his horse as he was crossing the river, near the Water House. His body was found at the Alders shortly after, but life was quite extinct. Deceased was 23 years of age.

May 29, 1853.—Mrs. Cowing, of High Morley, was found dead in bed this morning.

July 6, 1853.—A severe thunderstorm passed over Haydon Bridge this afternoon.

December 28, 1853.—Mr. John Dryden, of Matfen Burn Foot, was found dead this morning on the Black Bull Bank, Hexham. It is supposed his death was caused by a fall from his horse. Deceased was 24 years of age, and was son of Mr. John Dryden, Deanraw, Haydon Bridge.

November 4, 1854.—The members of a friendly society, which was founded at Haydon Bridge in about the year 1700, held their last meeting this evening, at the house of Mr. John Graham. There were only 30 members on the books, while in 1828 the number amounted to 113, and in 1830, 115. The Black Bull Friendly Society was founded about the same time.

December, 1854.—This month there was found at Housesteads a large and perfect altar, dedicated to the god Silvanus Cocidius, thus combining a Roman and British divinity, by Quintus Florius Maternus, prefect of the first cohort of the Tungri. The following is a copy of this singular inscription:—"Deo Silvano Cocidio, Q.V., Florius Maternus, preac, Coh. I. Tung., V.S.L.M."

June 8, 1855.—Haydon Bridge was visited by a thunderstorm. It rained incessantly for upwards of two hours.

November 15, 1855.—The Commissioners of the Greenwich Hospital bought West Wharmley, the property of Mr. Cuthbert Snowball, for the sum of £18,500.

December 3, 1855.—Died, at Haydon Bridge, John Fairlamb, aged 78 years. Deceased had been a remarkably strong man; stood upwards of 6 feet, and was well built. He performed several feats of strength. He very rarely ever wore a hat or cap, except upon a Sunday.

November 8, 1856.—The United Methodist Free Chapel, Haydon Bridge, was opened this afternoon.

March 19, 1857.—William Elliott, of Haydon Bridge, was accidentally killed at Fourstones station, whilst engaged in the employ of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company, and but a few miles from the spot where his father, scarcely twelve months previous, met with a similar fate. He was a steady young man.

May 19, 1857.—Amongst the passengers by the train which arrived at Haydon Bridge at 11.45 a.m. from Carlisle was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He alighted from the train and went into the refreshment room, where he partook of wine and biscuit. He also purchased some books from the stall of Mr. John Charlton, station master.

April 28, 1858.—A man named Anthony Allen was accidentally killed to-day by a cart passing over him. Deceased was a cartman in the employment of Mr. J. Dinning, Langley Lead Mills.

February 2, 1860.—The village of Haydon Bridge first lighted with gas.

September 11, 1860.—The new parish church at Whitfield, which had been erected at the sole expense of Mr. and Mrs. Blackett Ord, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Durham.

November 21, 1860.—The following letter from T. H. Apedaile, Esq., was received by the Secretary of the News Room :—"Dear Sir,—I am requested by the executors of the late Mr. Thomas Coats, of this place, surgeon, to inform you that a legacy of £100 is by the will of that gentleman bequeathed to the members of the Haydon Bridge News Room, on the following terms, viz. :—'I give and bequeath out of such part of my personal estate as may be lawfully applied to charitable purposes, to the members for the time being of the Haydon Bridge News Room, the legacy or sum of one hundred pounds, free of legacy duty, to be appropriated by them to such literary educational purposes as two-thirds of such members present at a meeting to be convened for the purpose shall determine, such legacy or bequest to be called The Coats Benefaction, for the purpose of Education.' I have also to inform you that a further sum of four hundred pounds is, by the same will, bequeathed to the members, payable at the expiration of twenty-one years from the testator's death, provided his sister shall leave no son who shall attain the age of twenty years. I have to add that the executors will be prepared to discharge the legacy of £100 at the termination of twelve months from the testator's decease, a period which will expire on the 14th January next."

August 5, 1861.—Thomas Muse, of Haydon Bridge, a fireman on the Newcastle and Carlisle Section of the North-Eastern Railway, was killed this morning at Carlisle, by an engine passing over his body.

May 2, 1862.—Sixty-two young persons were confirmed in St. Cuthbert's Church, Haydon Bridge, by the Lord Bishop of Durham.

June 30, 1862.—A sad and fatal accident occurred to Mr. George Gibson, Bush Farm, near Haydon Bridge. While the deceased was feeding a machine some straw got twisted round the rollers, when he took a knife and was endeavouring to cut it off when his shirt sleeve was caught. The machine was at once cast out of gear by one of the deceased's sons, but his arm was totally wrenched off. He died shortly after, his sufferings being most intense.

March 10, 1863.—This day the whole kingdom united in celebrating the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. In Haydon Bridge the same enthusiasm was manifested. The Langley Band was engaged for the occasion and played around the village, followed by the children of the Haydon Bridge and Deanraw Schools, each wearing a medal. They were provided with tea and cake in the Girls' School-room. There was also a display of fireworks in the evening.

June 29, 1863.—The foundation stone of a new Congregational Chapel at Haydon Bridge was laid this afternoon, by John Grey, Esq., Dilston.

October 2, 1863.—A child named William Dickinson, son of Henry Dickinson, junr., builder, Haydon Bridge, was found drowned in the river Tyne about four o'clock this afternoon.

October 6, 1864.—A sad and fatal accident occurred to a boy named William Mitchell. It appears he was driving the horses whilst thrashing at Mr. T. Hutchinson's, Wood Hall, and by some means or other his head got crushed between the wall and one of the starts. His death was instantaneous. The deceased was 14 years of age.

August 18, 1864.—Joseph Cousins, living at Haydon Fell Cottages, received severe injuries whilst working at Stone Croft Mine, by the falling of a large stone. The day after the accident Mr. Ware went to see him, and left his pony in charge of the son of the injured man, at the same time cautioning him against attempting to ride the animal. The boy, however, disregarded this caution, and shortly after mounting the pony, it ran off with him, and he was immediately afterwards thrown with great violence to the ground. The poor lad, who was about 14 years of age, was picked up insensible, and never rallied. He died on Tuesday, August 30th.

November 2, 1864.—Died at his residence, Haydon Bridge, the Rev. G. Richmond, head-master of the Grammar School.

December 29, 1864.—A meeting was held at the White Hart Inn, Hexham, for the purpose of examining the candidates, and electing the most eligible to be Head Master of the Grammar

School, Haydon Bridge. The trustees were John Grey, Esq., L. H. Allgood, Esq., Colonel Coulson, the Rev. M. Beebee, and the Rev. C. Bird. The number of candidates originally was about thirty. The trustees of the Shaftoe's charity elected the Rev. W. L. Pendred to be head-master of the well-endowed Grammar School, in the room of the late Rev. G. Richmond, who resigned the appointment shortly before his death. The two examiners of the candidates were the Rev. C. T. Whitley, Vicar of Bedlington, and the Rev. J. Waite, of University College, Durham. To test their theological proficiency, an important and rather obscure passage of one of the epistles of St. Paul (II. Cor., ver. 2nd), was selected from the English version, and they were questioned as to their knowledge of the corresponding terms in the original Greek.

January 15, 1866.—As Mr. George Little, of Wood Hall Mill, was crossing the railway at Haydon Bridge with a horse and cart, a mineral train, which the gateman expected was about to stop at the station, came dashing along at full speed. The gate at the other side being closed, Mr. Little was in imminent danger, but applying the whip pretty forcibly to the horse, the animal, which appeared to be very much frightened, made a dash at the gate, which was happily burst open by the shock, and the cart cleared the rail as the train rushed past.

March 14, 1866.—The church at Haydon Bridge was re-opened for divine service, after having undergone extensive repairs.

June 19, 1866.—John Wright was killed by falling down the shaft at Stonecroft Mines. He was 47 years of age.

July 16, 1866.—At Haydon Bridge, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a rumbling sound of thunder was heard, and for half-an-hour after the storm raged with great fury. Rain and hail poured down in torrents, the hailstones being as large as marbles. Lightning flashed almost momentarily. The roar of the thunder was terrific, and the streets were flooded with water. At Whitfield there was heavy thunder, but very little rain. Mr. E. Robson, of the Laws, had a ewe killed. Several other places in the neighbourhood were also visited by the storm, and sustained some damage.

November 13, 1866.—Shortly after midnight there was witnessed in this country one of the most beautiful sights which the heavens have furnished within the memory of living man. The sky was literally animated with swift shooting meteors. The display lasted for over two hours.

March 30, 1867.—An accident occurred this afternoon at Hamilton Bottom, on the Hexham and Allendale line of railway. The engine and tender ran off the line, and were upset, and a gentleman named Mr. Richardson, C.E., got severely scalded. He died on April 8th, after intense suffering, being 26 years of age.

May 10, 1867.—Died at his residence at Chollerton, the Rev. Christopher Bird, aged 85 years. Deceased was an excellent poet. We give one of his compositions:—

LOVELY VALE OF TYNE.

Lov'd Tyne, before we sever,
Once again thy banks I trace,
Tho' I leave thee, time shall never
From my heart thy scenes efface.
What tho' closer ties endear me,
And in distant climes I dwell,
Fancy still shall bring thee near me,
Lovely vale of Tyne farewell!
Bid thy waters, swiftly gliding,
To my lov'd companions say
That my heart with thine's abiding,
Though I've wandered far away.
Bid them love for love repaying,
Of our former pleasures tell,
Of the pain we felt in saying
Lovely vale of Tyne farewell!

July 11, 1867.—Haydon Bridge and vicinity was visited by a heavy thunderstorm.

October 12, 1867.—The Court Leet or Law Day, and view of frank pledge, with the Court Baron of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, Lords of the Barony or Manor of Langley, in the County of Northumberland, was held to-day at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge.

May 16, 1868.—About seven o'clock this morning a fatal accident occurred at Fourstones Lime Quarries to one of the workmen named W. Noble, who resided at Lane House, near Newbrough, whereby he lost his life. Deceased was engaged in firing a shot, which had missed fire the first time. He returned the second time and put it in order to light again, when he applied the fire, and simultaneously it exploded and blew him over the quarry, and he alighted on a piece of rock a few feet from the bottom. The workmen were instantly on the spot, and rendered all the assistance they could, but he never spoke, and only breathed a few minutes.

May 18, 1868.—A serious accident, which ultimately terminated fatally, happened on the Hexham and Allendale Railway. As the usual morning goods train was nearing Langley Station, it was pulled up in order to leave four waggons of lime at the station, when William Collins, the fireman of the engine, went forward to uncouple these lime waggons, when it is supposed that he slipped his footing and fell. The waggons went over him, severely crushing the foot of one leg, and running over the other a little below the knee. He died on Friday, May 22nd.

November 16, 1868.—Shortly after mid-day a sad accident occurred at the Stonecroft Lead Mines. Two miners, father and son, named respectively Joseph Bailes and William Bailes, were

engaged at their usual work in one of the workings of the mines when a fall of lead ore took place, partially burying the unfortunate men, and killing the elder of the two instantaneously.

January 15, 1869.—The agricultural interest of Northumberland sustained a serious loss in the death of Mr. John Benson, of Stonecroft House, which sad event took place this morning. The deceased gentleman, it may justly be said, fell a victim to his humanity by fever, which had for some time been prevailing in that district, and which he caught in visiting his poorer neighbours and dependents. He was 53 years of age.

June 3, 1869.—At a large and influential meeting of the rate-payers, held in the vestry at Haydon Bridge this evening, under the presidency of the vicar of the parish, the Rev. G. Cruddas, it was resolved to have a mortuary chapel.

June 22, 1869.—The foundation stone of an Oddfellows' Hall, in connection with the Loyal Haydon Lodge of Oddfellows, was laid in the village of Haydon Bridge by William Benson, Esq., Allerwash House.

August 26, 1869.—Mr. John Edward Fairlamb died very suddenly about half-past six o'clock. Deceased was very intelligent, and respected by all who knew him. He was an artist of considerable merit. He chiefly painted local pieces.

June 4, 1870.—The site of the Roman encampment on Grindon Farm has just been drained by a number of men in the employment of the Lords of the Admiralty. While cutting through the trench which surrounds the camp, one of the drainers, named Henry Stanley, turned up an earthenware vessel of antique make; but through the carelessness of another of the workmen, who was lacking in respect for antiquarian treasures, it got broken. The skeleton of a horse, lying in the ditch at a depth of four feet, was also cut through, and a few of the teeth, remarkable for their size, though in rotten condition, were secured and preserved by Mrs. Woodman, of Grindon Farm.

June 20, 1870.—An attempt was made by the Lords of the Admiralty to drain the water from Grindon Lough, the drain being 3 feet wide and in many places 11 feet in depth. They intend to convey the water to a swallow hole where it takes the sill and empties itself at Codlaw Gate, thus running a distance of two miles underground.

September 10, 1870.—A melancholy case of drowning occurred at Haydon Bridge. About four o'clock this afternoon a little boy, named Isaac Richardson, was playing with some other boys by the side of the river, when he accidentally fell into the water and was drowned.

October 25, 1870.—On this night there was a magnificent display of aurora borealis.

December 1, 1870.—A man named John Pigg, employed as a servant by Mr. G. Langhorn, East Brokenheugh, was engaged leading turnips on this day, but not returning home when expected, Mr. Langhorn's son went to the field from which the turnips were being led, and there found the poor fellow lying dead beside his horse and cart. The body presented no signs of external injury.

March 17, 1871.—On Friday night, about a quarter past 11 o'clock, the inhabitants of this peaceful village and the surrounding district were much alarmed by a severe shock of earthquake. It was so distinctly felt, and over so wide an area, that no doubt remains of its having been what is represented. The rumbling sound which preceded and followed the shock came from south to north, the motion itself bearing upwards rather than horizontal. Not having a seismometer to correctly measure the shock or its direction, we would say that the upward elevation appeared about two or three inches. The effects of this unusually severe and appalling phenomenon were peculiarly remarkable, and in some few instances ludicrous. Many of the inhabitants were aroused from their beds to inspect the fastenings of the doors and windows, and see if robbers were breaking into the house. One gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood was thus roused from his peaceful slumbers to fight the supposed housebreakers, and with loaded gun he courageously went round his dwelling to protect his property and summarily punish the invader. One more instance out of many may be cited to show the effects of this surprising shock on the mind of a sick person. He thought the shock was decidedly a call meant for him to prepare for eternity. His friends were obliged to sit up with him all night, so greatly was he alarmed.

March 20, 1871.—The consecration of a new burial ground for the chapelry of Haydon by the Lord Bishop of Durham took place to-day, when the interesting and deeply impressive ceremony was gone through in a most simple, solemn, and appropriate manner. The ground was presented by the Lords of the Admiralty, who own about three-fourths of the land in the chapelry. The cost of erecting the chapel, fencing, &c., falls within £500.

June 9, 1871.—A woman named Mary Henderson, living with her father in Haydon Bridge, was found dead in bed. Deceased was 29 years of age.

December 29, 1871.—Mr. W. Walton, Haydon Bridge, was presented with a splendid tea and coffee service, and Mrs. Walton, also, with a splendid gold chain. The tea and coffee service bore the following inscription: "This tea and coffee service was presented by a few friends to Mr. W. Walton, Haydon Bridge, as a mark of respect for the obliging and faithful discharge of the duties of postmaster for 36 years, December 22nd, 1871."

January 11, 1872.—The Rev. R. Sisson having resigned the curacy of the chapelry of Haydon, which appointment he has filled

for 17 years, in order to take charge of the living of Corsenside, Woodburn, a number of his friends presented him with a silver salver, and a purse containing £37 in gold.

June 18, 1872.—A thunderstorm passed over Haydon Bridge and neighbourhood, about one o'clock this afternoon. In Newcastle and Gateshead it had been most fearful; the inhabitants never having witnessed such a day. Much damage was done, many of the streets being totally flooded.

June 19, 1872.—Whilst three workmen were ascending the shaft in Stonecroft Mine, one of them named Atchison, whilst attempting to signal the engineman, was caught and forced from the cage, and there hung suspended by one foot for some time. His fellow workmen by great exertion managed to release him from his dangerous position. His escape from falling to the bottom of the shaft is marvellous. His arm was broken.

June 24, 1872.—A woman, named Catherine Anderson, died very suddenly at Chesterwood, near Haydon Bridge, whilst assisting in thrashing corn.

June 29, 1872.—Mr. John Dickinson, railway inspector, was found dead in bed on Saturday, the 29th. Deceased was in the village the night previous, and had gone home about half-past seven. He made a good supper and retired to bed at eleven o'clock, when there was nothing unusual noticed in his appearance, he being quite cheerful. About half-past twelve on Saturday morning he was heard to come downstairs, go into the kitchen, light the lamp, and get his pipe. He remained there about half-an-hour, and then returned to his bedchamber. The reason of his coming downstairs was his hearing some noise outside the house, which was also heard by one of deceased's daughters. At half-past eight he was found dead, having died apparently without a struggle. He was 58 years of age.

December 7, 1872.—Between five and six o'clock, a luggage train proceeding west was run into by another goods train, about a mile to the east of Haydon Bridge, Alston Side, fortunately without loss of life.

March 21, 1873.—There are now living in Haydon Bridge at the present time twelve old people, six males and six females; the united ages of the former amount to 482 and the latter to 504 years. We may also add that the males are widowers and the females are widows.

April 5, 1873.—Mr. Robert Lister, engineer, of Haydon Bridge, has patented an invention which promises to revolutionize our system of steam navigation. His invention is an improved screw propeller for ships or vessels, and machinery for making the same. With this invention, and with the application of a rudder to each end of the vessel, so that she may be propelled either way without the necessity of turning; engine and boiler to this propeller can be

either placed in the stern or the centre of the vessel, and is worked in the usual manner. In its arrangement the pitching at the rising and falling motion of the sea is prevented, and a steady go-a-head movement is the result, which will contribute powerfully to abate sea sickness, and promote the comfort of passengers, as well as a great saving of coal, together with the cost and weight of machinery, which is less than with the ordinary screw propeller, as also less coal for ship's use will have to be carried, giving more space in the ship for extra goods. Another unspeakable advantage by the use of this propeller is that the ship requires no ballast, which will be a great saving in the general working expenses.

April 11, 1873.—A tombstone was erected in the new burial ground, Haydon Bridge, to the memory of Gavin Anderson, Haydon, being the first erected in the above burial ground.

May 17, 1873.—There was snow upon the ground this morning at Sewingshields to the depth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

June 10, 1873.—A man, who appeared to be about sixty years of age, was found dead on the roadside east of Haydon Bridge. There was nothing found on his person to lead to his identity.

June 11, 1873.—An old woman named Mabel Wood was found dead in bed this morning. She had been ailing for some days previous but was still able to walk about. She lived with her son, Mr. G. Wood, station master. The deceased was 87 years of age, and had been a member of the Wesleyan body for 72 years.

June 12, 1873.—A violent thunderstorm passed over Grindon Farm this afternoon. The thunder was very loud and the lightning most vivid. The electric fluid struck two ewes, killing them on the spot. They were the property of Mrs. Woodman, of the above place. The rain fell in torrents.

July 18, 1873.—A terrier dog belonging to Mr. J. Strickland, Wesley Bank, near Haydon Bridge, was observed to be unwell. On that morning a young woman, whilst passing the house, was seized by the dog, and her dress was torn, but fortunately it did not bite her. It then left home, and at the railway crossing, Haydon Bridge, bit a dog, after which it took its course east to Mill Hills, where it bit another animal. Retracing its steps, it came through the village, where it sprang at a little boy, but the brute only succeeded in tearing his jacket. We next find it at Waterhouse, where a dog was bitten, and the animal was also seen chasing a cow, but it is not known whether it was bitten or not. It then left for Bardon Mill, where it bit two dogs, and proceeding west it arrived at Hardriding, where it bit another dog and two cattle, the property of Mr. J. T. Armstrong. Continuing its course to Haltwhistle, it there bit several members of the canine fraternity, ultimately proceeding to the Chesters, where, after biting three setter dogs near the kennel, Mr. George Lowes terminated its existence by shooting it. Most of the unfortunate dogs have been destroyed. It also bit

a man named Joseph Robson, at Ridley Hall Bridge, biting him severely about the hands and legs. One hand was bitten quite through, and the flesh entirely torn from the back of it. The poor man died on Friday morning, September 5th, after enduring great agony. He lived near Birkshaw.

September 4, 1873.—The fifth field meeting of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club was held to-day at Crag Lough and along the course of the Roman Wall. The party was under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. Bruce.

September 22, 1873.—The Honeycrook Lead Mining Company commenced to wash lead ore for the first time.

March 3, 1874.—A most lamentable case of burning occurred near Langley Mills, this morning. It appears an itinerant dealer, named William King, resided alone in a primitive dwelling about a quarter of a mile west of Langley, and on Tuesday morning the old man's dwelling was observed to be on fire. One of the millmen, on his way to his work at Mr. Dinning's Lead Mill, did not observe anything unusual at half-past twelve o'clock, but a workman named Hutchinson observed the poor man's dwelling on fire at half-past one. Assistance was quickly obtained, but on reaching the place it was found the building had fallen in, and was burning fiercely. Afterwards, on entering the ruins, the body of the poor old man was found, presenting a most sickening sight. Two baskets of butter and eggs were found at the cottage door, ready for removal to Hexham market, where King attended regularly every week, and where he was well known. He was about 70 years of age, and belonged to the New Forest, Hampshire, and it is said his parents were in well-to-do circumstances. An inquest was held on the body, at Langley, before the coroner (L. M. Cockcroft, Esq.), when it was elicited that deceased had lived for about twenty-five years by himself, and had gained a living by hawking small articles in that neighbourhood. The hut in which he lived was called "Paradise Place," and was altogether unfit for habitation. The fire, as previously stated, had been discovered at an early hour on Tuesday morning by a lead miner, who raised the alarm, and with some neighbours went to the house, but the roof had by that time fallen in. King was afterwards discovered almost burnt to a cinder, and near him a sum of 30s. It was supposed he had been out of the house when it had taken fire, and that on his return he had tried to remove some of the contents, and had been overpowered by the smoke and burnt to death. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with these facts.

April 14, 1874.—The Lord Bishop of Durham held a confirmation in St. Cuthbert's Church, Haydon Bridge, when twenty-four candidates underwent that solemn ordinance of the church. The Bishop gave two very impressive addresses.

May 25, 1874.—The body of a man was found dead this morning in the limestone quarry at Fourstones, by John Dixon, one of the workmen. Deceased was a labourer at the quarries, having only been employed about a week. He had walked over a precipice nearly fifty feet in depth.

June 10, 1874.—The new Wesleyan chapel at Haydon Bridge, which has just been erected, was opened to-day for divine service by the Rev. Dr. James, of London, who preached two sermons on the occasion. The entire cost of the building, it is estimated, will amount to upwards of £800.

June 27, 1874.—There are living within a short distance of Haydon Bridge three brothers whose united ages amount to 250 years, and, strange to say, the oldest might have been seen sowing corn in the spring of this year. In the village of Haydon Bridge reside two females whose united ages number 175 years. It is interesting to listen to the quaint stories told by them.

June, 1874.—In this month a Roman milestone was discovered at the Causeway, a mile west of Chesterholme, by some workmen who were engaged in improving a road.

July 20, 1874.—An awful thunderstorm visited Haydon Bridge and neighbourhood this morning. The lightning was exceedingly brilliant, and did a good deal of damage. It struck the chimney at Rattenraw Building, near Haydon Bridge, and took its course down the chimney to the kitchen, tearing off some plastering. It then made its way to an upper room, splitting a bed-head to match-wood in which were two girls, burning part of the hair off the head of one of the girls. In its passage it raised several of the large grey slates near the chimney, and also moved the lead tabling.

February 8, 1875.—At Haydon Bridge an alarming gas explosion, by which J. Urwin had a miraculous escape, took place to-day. While performing the work of changing the purifiers and getting that necessary work done, he began to blow off the foul air, and whilst in the act of turning off the tap it ignited, striking Urwin on the arm and breast, and sending him several yards backwards to the ground. The iron girders supporting the lid were smashed, and but for a strong wooden beam above, supporting the roof of the building, the lid itself would have been thrown into the air.

June, 1875.—A tablet, recording the munificent bequest of the late Mrs. Routledge, of Croft Cottage, has been placed in the Church in this village. It consists of a brass plate enclosed by a margin of black marble, and bears the following inscription, which sufficiently indicates the objects of the donor's considerate bounty:—"Routledge's Charity.—Mrs. Jane Routledge, of Croft Cottage, in this chapelry, who died 25th August, 1874, by her will and codicils thereto, bequeathed to her trustees, therein named, and their successors, to be nominated by the Vicar of Warden for the

time being, the sum of £3,000, the annual interest whereof to be appropriated in providing annuities of £20 each for such respectable and deserving females, being spinsters or widows of the age of 45 years or upwards, resident in the county of Northumberland, as shall be selected by the said trustees. And the testatrix declared that, without restricting the direction of her trustees in the selection of the annuitants, persons who shall have resided in the Chapelry of Haydon for twelve calendar months previous to applying for the benefit of the above charity, and who shall in all other respects be qualified, shall have the preference in their nomination as such annuitants. Nicholas Maughan, Thomas H. Apedaile, Jasper Richardson, trustees." In accordance with the terms of the will the first six annuitants have been appointed, the nominations having been confined to persons belonging to or otherwise intimately connected with the Chapelry of Haydon. In addition to the above bequest legacies were given by the deceased lady to the Haydon Bridge Reading Room, the Loyal Haydon Lodge of Oddfellows' Widows and Orphans' Fund, and the poor of the chapelry.

July 11, 1875.—An awful thunderstorm passed over this village this afternoon, but the storm was more violent at Grindon and Sewingshields. About half-past three o'clock it began to overcast, presently there came a flash of lightning, followed instantly by a loud peal of thunder that went crashing amidst the hills and rolling down the vale with terrific effect. The storm was not confined to one quarter of the heavens, as lightning flashes were seen in different directions. One party informed the writer that it was difficult to indicate the part from which the thunder peals came. The lightning was exceedingly brilliant, and did a great amount of damage. Mr. Nicholas Woodman, of Crowhall (son of Mr. John Woodman, Shankfoot), and two valuable horses were struck by the electric fluid and killed. Mr. Woodman was out on a visit to the Misses Benson, of Grindon Hill, a farm about three miles north of Haydon Bridge. The party had been at the Housesteads Chapel, and were returning to Grindon Hill. Miss H. Benson, accompanied by two of the Misses Woodman and Master E. Woodman, of Grindon Farm, together with a young man (servant of the Misses Benson) were seated in their phaeton. Mr. Woodman was riding on horseback by the side of the conveyance. The electric fluid struck him, his horse, and also the horse drawing the conveyance, killing both the horseman and the horses. Mr. Woodman's clothes were torn to pieces. His hat was torn to atoms, his overcoat torn to shreds, his dress coat much the same, only part of his waistcoat was to be seen, his trousers nearly in the same condition, and his watch was found twenty yards away in a field. The glass and pointers were missing, part of the gold chain was gone, and the locket smashed. The saddle he rode on had several holes through it, one of the laps being nearly cut to pieces. The bridle rein was cut in two, his whip head cut clean off. The body

of deceased also bore marks of the accident. The two horses killed by the lightning were afterwards removed to Mr John Ridley's tannery, Hexham, where, in order to ascertain its effects, they were minutely examined. After a careful inspection had been made the only apparent effects left by the electric fluid were the removal of a portion of the skin underneath the tail, and curiously enough the mark was almost identical in both horses, the skin having been torn off in the same place. No other injury could be traced. The skin was cut deeper towards the root of the tail, the marks becoming less apparent, for an inch or two, towards the end of it. Thus possibly the spine may have been affected, but it is somewhat strange that in both horses the marks should have been the same. The parties in the conveyance had a most providential escape. The umbrella which Miss Benson had to protect her from the rain, which was falling in torrents, was torn completely into shreds, but they sustained no injury beyond the fright and shock to the system. The deceased gentleman was 24 years of age, and was respected by all who had come in contact with him.

October 22, 1875.—This morning, a woman of weak intellect, about 45 years of age and unmarried, named Sarah Laing, was found dead in a field at Branch End, near Langley Mills, about half-a-mile from her father's house, with whom she lived. It appears that the poor creature had been on a visit to the house of a neighbour, a labourer, named Thomas Lee, on the previous evening, and had left that place to return home about eight o'clock. She seems, from some cause or other, to have become bewildered on her road homewards, for when she was found by Mr. Joseph Ford, a neighbouring gamekeeper, on the following morning as stated, she was partly undressed, as if she had made up her mind to make her bed in the dyke back, where she must have perished of cold, and was, as may be supposed, in a pitiable condition.

The following monument is erected in St. Cuthbert's Church, Haydon Bridge:—"OTIA TUTA.—The Commissioners and Governors of the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich, in the County of Kent, have erected this monument as a memorial of the high value at which they estimate the long and faithful services of Nicholas Walton, gentleman. For more than fifty years he was one of the Receivers of the Rents and Profits of the Estates belonging to the Royal Hospital in the north of England. He was eminently qualified for his situation. In agriculture his knowledge was extensive. In the management of mines and woods he was sagacious and skilful, and in the discharge of his duty he evinced, on all occasions, the most ardent zeal, indefatigable industry, and inflexible integrity. He died January XIV., MDCCCX., aged 77 years."

THE INUNDATION OF THE TYNE.*

A BALLAD WRITTEN IN 1771, BY JOHN MULCASTER,
LANGLEY LEAD MILLS.

(Communicated by J. W. MULCASTER, F.R.A.S., Woolwich
Common.)

Dark rose the morn, the cheerless swains
Beheld no warm refreshing sun ;
Fast from the clouds the heavy rains
In salient streams descended down.
† The rivers soon their bounds outswell'd,
Tyne kept no more his native bed ;
By banks and weirs in vain repell'd,
He desolation round them spread.
Away those banks and weirs are borne,
Nor lofty arch, nor bridge is left ;
Up by the roots the trees are torn,
And from their sills the rocks are cleft.
The deluge pours upon the plain,
And all it bears falls sacrifice ;
Before it fertile fields remain,
Behind, a barren desert lies.
The fertile meads and new sown lands,
The promise of a future year,
Are buried deep beneath the sands,
No more their wonted crops to bear.
Nor bounding hedge, nor wall remains,
The hamlets, too, are swept away ;
Driven from their homes, th' astonish'd swains
Are sunk in terror and dismay.
They see the produce of their toils,
For which they laboured all the year ;
Become at once the waters' spoils,
And in a moment disappear.
Glad they beheld their harvest o'er,
And stack'd secure their golden sheaves ;
They thought that danger was no more,
But ah ! how human hope deceives !

* "The inundation of the Tyne &c."—This flood, the greatest remembered in these parts, happened on November 17, 1771.

† "Tyne kept no more, &c."—This inundation was common to the Tees, Wear, and all other rivers in the north-east of England.

Their stacks and barns are swept away,
Their moans the torrent will not heed ;
Nor spares the goodly ricks of hay,
Designed their flocks and herds to feed.

But ah ! no flocks are left them now,
They, too, the common ruin meet ;
In vain the cattle plaintive low—
In vain the fleecy rovers bleat.

To make the horror greater still,
Behold night spreads her sable wings ;
What terrors must th' undreading fill
When fate th' immediate danger brings.

What is the cottager's surprise,
When but just rousing from his bed ;
He finds he 'midst an ocean lies,
And instant ruin round him spread.

His wife and children to the shore
To bear, his kind assistance claims ;
His sire so good Æneas bore
Through Grecian swords and Trojan flames.

But hapless he, who roused too late,
Wakes but distracting fears to meet ;
He sees a watery death his fate,
Without a prospect of retreat.

His wife and children round him cling,
All fill the air with plaintive cries ;
What horrors in his breast must spring,
To help them how can he devise ?

An upper room in vain they seek,
For soon the water reaches it ;
They through the roof with labour break,
And on the rafters trembling sit.

They call for help, but call in vain,
For, ah ! no helping hand is near ;
Exposed to wind and chilling rain,
They're numb'd with cold, they're sunk with fear.

The parents hold their children fast,
Now soothe, now join in plaintive moan ;
Now silent sit with looks aghast,
Now in excess of sorrow groan.

Their stiffened limbs their motion lose,
Their hearts are sunk with inward dread ;
Their speech is lost, their eyelids close,
The snares of death are round them spread.

The house retards their fate no more,
 No more the water's force it braves ;
 It falls—their painful conflict's o'er,
 They sink into their watery graves.

Now down the vale the torrent pours,
 Now through the brake and hillock tears—
 Newcastle, yield thy wealthy stores !
 The mighty plunderer appears.

* The bridge, proud of its strength and date,
 Though it unhurt for ages stood ;
 No more resists the hand of fate,
 But falls a victim to the flood.

The arches spring aloft, then fall
 In heaps of shapeless rubbish, down
 The pillars sink, and with all
 The wealth that did their summits crown.

The ships are from their moorings broke,
 And hurried headlong to the seas ;
 Or sunk, or split upon the rock,
 As ruling Providence decrees.

The quay is robb'd of all its stores,
 Nor stops the devastation there ;
 Into the town the torrent pours,
 And carries dread and ruin there.

As when on unsuspecting Troy
 The Greeks rushed forth (their cruel foes)
 With fire and sword them to destroy ;
 Such wild surprise the people shows.

Just wak'd and starting from their beds,
 They're sunk in terror and amaze ;
 Around the wild confusion spreads—
 What horror every face displays !

What scenes of sorrow and distress—
 What griefs the tender sex display !
 Some to their breasts their infants press,
 Some shriek afraid—some faint away.

The men, confounded and dismayed,
 In wild disorder gaze around ;
 They know not where to seek for aid,
 Nor where a shelter can be found.

* "The bridge, &c."—This bridge had stood upwards of 500 years, and was reckoned one of the strongest in England.

How lamentable is the sight,
Though dark and cold the inclement sky ;
Some but half-dress'd, some naked quite,
Are from their houses for'd to fly.

High in the middle of the street,
Where slipshod damsels tripp'd along ;
A boat becomes the sole retreat,
And watermen are plying throng.

To these for help the people call—
To these they through the waters lave ;
And willingly resign their all
That they their dearer lives may save.

Their fine apartments (late their pride),
Where architects their skill display'd ;
Their costly furniture beside,
Are all one common ruin made.

Their wealthy stores—rich merchandise,
With toil brought from each distant coast,
In midst of slacky water lies,
Despoil'd, or else entirely lost.

The merchant bless'd the flowing tide,
Which safe to port the vessel brought ;
With rapture he the cargo eyed,
Secure from danger now, he thought.

But human hopes and fears, how vain !
How short are sublunary joys :
That which escaped the dreaded main,
Th' unfear'd, th' unlook'd-for flood destroys.

At length by Heaven's kind decree,
The torrent ceas'd, the storm was stay'd ;
The morning rose and blush'd to see
The desolation night had made.

The streets with filth are covered o'er,
The fields are barren deserts grown ;
The well-stored warehouse is no more,
The peaceful habitation gone.

Those who so late were rich and great,
Their wants luxuriously supplied ;
Have not one morsel left to eat,
Nor place where they their heads may hide.

This meek-eyed charity survey'd,
Nor saw it with a tearless eye ;
Northumbria's" gentle sons she bade
Their needy neighbours' wants supply.

Her call they willingly obeyed,
 For bounteous deeds are their delight ;
 The rich their generous hearts displayed,
 The humble kindly gave their mite.

So plenty glads the swain once more,
 He tends his flock, he tills his ground ;
 Again the merchant counts his store,
 And peace and plenty reign around.

O ye, who did the godlike deed,
 Were my power equal to my will,
 Your fame through distant climes I'd spread,
 Your praise should future ages fill.

How should my verse swell with their praise,
 Had I but skill their worth to speak ;
 But, ah ! too feeble are my lays,
 Nor is it for applause they seek.

The flash of wit, and valour's glare,
 May well the world's applause regard,
 For all their gain is treasured there,
 But virtue scorns such mean reward.

* And yet all praise besides must sink,
 The time will come when all the great,
 Like dying Luxemburg, shall think ;
 But think, alas ! when 'tis too late.

Like him they'll wish to boast, instead
 Of warlike feats and battles won,
 One single, charitable deed,
 Such as the least of those have done.

* "Like dying, &c."—Marshal Luxemburg, a celebrated French General, declared on his death bed that he had rather it might have been said, that he had given so many cups of cold water to the poor and needy, than that he had gained so many battles.

The following is a copy of a song which was very popular sixty-four years ago, and was composed by the late Mr. W. Makepeace :—

Gin ye like to take a drink and tell on't when it's past, man,
 I will divert ye with a sang as lang as it shall last, man.
 At Haydon Bridge there was such sport, I dare venture to say, man,
 You never heard or saw such sport, as was on Christmas Day, man.

In the morning soon, at one o'clock, the sport began with glee, man,
 The waits at every door did knock, and sang right merrily, man ;
 The number nine, equipped fine, that volunteering crew, man,
 Set out, it being their design to tell how the wind blew, man.

They had music that would charm a stone, far sunk within the earth, man,
Or raised a corpse to life again, to hear such fun and mirth, man ;
It made some fain and some afraid, it put them in such tifts, man,
That some lay trembling in their beds, and some danced in their shifts, man.

As soon as through the town they'd played, around Lipwood quarter went,
man,

And there they sport and pleasure had, just to their ain content, man ;
They did agree unanimously, with many a loud huzza, man,
To drink and dance and merry be, as it was Christmas Day, man.

About noon-day the Mayor was crowned, and splendour did appear, man,
And through the town we led the van, with hundreds in the rear, man,
Like great Buocleuch, Wallace, or Graham, great noblemen of worth, man,
Then we raised our honoured Cunningham, according to his birth, man.

Then to the Royal Anchor Inn we did again repair, man,
Both young and old came flocking in, to hail our great Lord Mayor, man ;
Joy did abound with all around, the like you never saw, man,
All care was in the liquor drowned, and naught but mirth for a', man.

Now to conclude and end my song, may freedom be your fare, man,
May health and peace attend our King, likewise our great Lord Mayor, man ;
So let us push our glasses round, and let love bear the away, man,
Success to all our loving friends that met on Christmas Day, man.

LEGEND OF HAUGHTON CASTLE.

This ancient building is boldly seated on a smooth sloping bank on the southern side of the North Tyne, about seven miles northward from Hexham. It is an extensive fabric, strong in its structure, and the grey walls contrast strangely with the leafy groves in the midst of which it is situated, which gives it a pleasing appearance in summer time ; while its massive form and venerable ruins, surrounded by leafless trees in winter, imparts a truly picturesque aspect to Haughton Castle at such a season. In shape it is an oblong square, about 100ft. from east to west, and 44 from north to south. It has a gateway and a sally-port, a chapel, and a donjon, and all the appurtenances of a border fortress of the olden time. It belonged to the Swinburnes, and the Widdringtons, and other great north-country names, many hundred years ago. It was for long in the possession of a most estimable family of the name of Smith, who, at a short distance from this relic of the past, built a paper mill of four vats on the banks of the Tyne, a branch of industry which may now be said to have taken up its *locale* on the South Tyne, at Warden. The castle is now in the possession of George Crawshay, Esq., a member of the eminent firm of Hawks, Crawshay, and Co., Gateshead, extensive iron manufacturers.

It was the winter of 1681 that the menials of Haughton Castle were assembled in the servants' hall after the day's work was

over. It was a dark, cold night, in January. The ground was covered with snow; the east wind, edged with frost, caused the domestics of Haughton to approach as close to the stout log which blazed upon the hearth as was consistent with their safety. Conspicuous among the group was Robert Corbett, the steward; old Richard Carr, the gardener; John Fenwick, the footman; Tom Bewick, the butler; Dame Dorothy, the housekeeper; pretty and pert Lizzie Grahame, Lady Widdrington's favourite maid—the lady herself, in company with her husband, Sir William, were in London—and last, but not least, Master Nathaniel Muschamp, chaplain to the Widdrington family. Master Muschamp was a venerable, and according to the time, a learned man. During the Commonwealth and Protectorate days, he had spent his time on the Continent, chiefly in Germany. He was supposed to be more learned than any clergyman in the whole country, not in his own profession, but in the occult science of astrology, necromancy, and magic. Indeed the public opinion of the district believed him to be quite capable of conjuring; and though it was never alleged that he held converse with Beelzebub and his brats, his forbearance from such intercourse was attributed, not to his inability to command the society and service of the Satanic powers, but to his piety, which would not permit the employment of forbidden arts. But though he scorned to avail himself of his influence over the infernal agencies, that was no reason why he should not talk and preach about them, and talk and preach he did about witches and wizards, ghosts and fairies, ghouls and vampires and so forth, with a learning which could not be paralleled within a circuit of a hundred miles from Haughton Castle.

Before, however, we proceed further with our narrative, it will be as well to explain how it came to pass that the chaplain should be in the kitchen and associating on equal terms with the domestic servitors of the Castle. From the time of the Reformation down to that of the Revolution, the clergy, with the exception of the bishops and some of the higher inferior dignitaries, were treated with great contempt by the country gentry.

The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said at his table by an ecclesiastic in canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite, such was the phrase then in use, might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. He was permitted to dine with the family, but he was expected to content himself with plainest fair. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the

carrots ; but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded. A waiting woman was considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction of this prejudice by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl without the consent of her master and mistress. During several generations accordingly the relation between priests and handmaids was a theme for endless jest ; nor would it be easy to find in the comedy of the seventeenth century a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook. Even so late as the time of George II., the keenest of all observers of human nature, himself a priest, remarked that in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hope of catching the steward.

This state of things being borne in mind, the presence of the chaplain of Haughton in the servants' hall will not be surprising.

"And do you think, then, Master Muschamp," said Robert Corbett, the steward of Haughton, "that the dead may be again brought back to the earthly scenes of their mortal career?"

"I have no doubt whatever on the matter," was the prompt reply of the chaplain. "All the great philosophers and poets," he continued, "teach us that the dead can, and occasionally do, return to earth. The universal belief of all nations sanctions the doctrine. The sacred Scriptures contain several narratives of the reappearance of departed spirits. Why, then, should we not give credence to a doctrine so powerfully fortified? It certainly is not piety to disbelieve the express averments of the Bible ; nor is it philosophy to make our own limited experience the measure of the actual, nor our own contracted conceptions of what may or what may not occur, the standard of the possible."

"But," interposed Dame Dorothy, "have you, by your own eyes, Master Muschamp, witnessed the reappearance of any dead person?"

"Say departed, rather than dead," rejoined the reverend gentleman. "The person—that is the soul—never dies, but shifts its abode ; or, as it were, changes its dress. Whether I have, or have not, witnessed such a thing is of little consequence. Other and wiser men than I have been the spectators to such restorations."

"Pray let us hear the particulars of a case of the kind," urged the steward.

"Do—do !" chimed in the rest of the domestics.

"I could mention several," replied the divine. "One of the most remarkable occurred at Bonn, during my sojourn in Germany, when a celebrated necromancer, Martin Von Schwartzlein by name, raised the dead body of a young and beautiful girl, to whom he

was deeply attached. Now it happened that this maiden, when alive, was distinguished for her skill in playing the guitar, and that her admirer was passionately fond of music. This it was, even more than his love of the maiden herself, which induced him to make use of his black and dangerous art ; for you must understand that the necromancer cannot hold converse with the departed without imminent peril to his own body and soul ; for, in the process of the terrible invocation, the omission or misplacement of a single word would give the vicegerent of the nether world absolute power over his person and destiny. Such, however, was the love of this man for the maiden, and the beautiful art in which she was so great a proficient, that he braved the danger, and perilled both earthly and eternal salvation on the venture. He was successful. His black art caused the lifeless body of the lovely Mina Haylin to be re-animated. She lived once more, and to the inexpressible delight and astonishment of the beholders, played upon the instrument with more exquisite skill than ever. This, however, was all that she would or could do. When not performing on the guitar, the corpse seemed perfectly motionless and lifeless. But as soon as the instrument was placed in her hand, her limbs quivered, her bosom heaved, her eye-lids trembled and opened, her eyes (before vacant) sparkled with life and meaning ; her face wan and cold, and almost ghastly, became rapidly suffused with the rosy hue of health, while a smile of most fascinating sweetness overspread the whole of her countenance. But the daring Von Schwartzlein did not long enjoy this awful communion of his mistress ; for it came to pass that a rival necromancer, mightier than he, stole away the soul of the maiden, so that she was once more a corpse, nor could all the art of Von Schwartzlein ever more recall the immortal spirit."

Here the chaplain paused, while his hearers gave expression to their feelings of mingled wonder and horror. There was, however, one exception to this condition of mind, in the person of Dick Carr the gardener, a hard-headed north countryman, who presumed to think for himself, and who did not hold the clergy in proper estimation, for, having been a Cromwellian soldier, he had imbibed the old Ironside contempt for the ordained priesthood. So instead of joining in the admiring exclamations of his fellow servitors, he gave a low prolonged whistle, which, though evidently intended for a mere private protest against the story of the chaplain, was instantly heard and resented by that learned functionary.

"I know well the meaning of that unseemly sound. It is the expression of a Sadducean and reprobate mind which will not believe in the existence of anything out of the narrow circle of its own experience. I am, however, indifferent to all such exhibitions of impiety, which, however, richly merits the chastisement of heaven, and which in this instance may be destined to a signal rebuke, for the souls of the departed have been known to return in this very house."

Here a violent shudder passed through the frames of the frightened domestics.

"Yes," continued the chaplain," observing the effect of his words, "in this very house the dead body has been^e reanimated either by the return of its former tenant, or by the entrance of some other. It might be a demoniac spirit. Haughton Castle was, and probably is, *haunted*!"

At this announcement Dame Dorothy crossed herself; Lizzie Grahame gave a faint scream, and nestled still closer to the side of the steward, whose arm, unconsciously perhaps, clasped her plump person. Dick, the gardener, still retained his unbelief, and at this time a smile of undisguised incredulity, if not contempt, rested on his face.

The chaplain, who this time paid no attention to the sceptic, was entreated to tell the particulars of the visitations to Haughton Castle. This he graciously condescended to do.

"You must know," he resumed, "that more than a hundred years ago—that is in the reign of the Eighth Harry, when Cardinal Wolsey was in all his glory, and Lord Dacre, of Gillisland, was Warden of the East and Middle Marches, between England and Scotland—a loud complaint arose in the northern counties against the administration of this same Lord Dacre. As Warden you are aware that his chief duty was to restrain the predatory propensities of the moss-troopers and freebooters along both sides of the Border. It so happened, however, that during a great part of his wardenship the moss-troopers, especially those of the Scottish side of the Border, were more troublesome and mischievous than ever. No man's horses or cattle were safe unless he submitted to the ignominy of paying 'black mail' to some notable chieftain of freebooters, and thus purchase exemption from the operations of these professional 'lifters'—that is, stealers of cattle and horses.

"At length strange rumours began to circulate. It was first whispered, then loudly proclaimed, and by and bye universally believed on both sides of the Border, that Lord Dacre knowingly and willingly connived at the robberies of the moss-troopers. Several instances were specified in which he had allowed large gangs of them to escape when he had them in his power, while in more than one instance it was clearly shown that the armed retainers of Lord Dacre had actively interfered to effect the rescue of moss-troopers captured by some of the plundered people. It was also remarked that the freebooters of the Armstrong clan were particularly favoured by the Warden. The discontent of the honest men at this countenance of arrant thieves by Lord Dacre was deep and loud. An association of the plundered people was formed, for the double purpose of protecting themselves against the Armstrongs and other moss-troopers, and of exposing the guilty connivance of Lord Dacre to the King, and thus procure his removal and the appointment of a more efficient Warden of the East and Middle Marches,

"It was not long ere the cause of Lord Dacre's misconduct was discovered. Like the greater portion of human delinquencies, a 'fair ladye' was at the root of the evil. This 'fair ladye' was no other than Helen Armstrong, the sister of the chief of that redoubtable clan of Border moss-troopers. Helen, or 'Dark-eyed Nelly,' as she was commonly called, was as charming a girl as any on the Border. Lord Dacre beheld her, and fell a victim to her fascinations. Now, Nelly Armstrong was by no means indifferent to the attentions of the noble Warden. Indeed she was quite proud of them, and scorned to conceal it. But she was a moss-trooper's daughter, and would not on any account, no, not for the love of a crowned king, forget that she was an Armstrong, or that it behoved her on all occasions and by all means to promote the interests of that formidable clan.

"She therefore made a compact with her admirer, that if she were to concede the favours which he solicited, he must show himself worthy of them by granting indulgences to her kinsmen. Lord Dacre, like Samson in the toils of Delilah, was too much the slave of his passion not to agree to the terms dictated by the beautiful syren under whose influence he had fallen. This, then, was the cause of the Warden failing to discharge the duties of his office.

"As soon as this discovery was made, the gentlemen of the North and their dependents formed themselves into the association to which we have referred. A memorial stating the grievances suffered by the inhabitants was prepared for presentation to the King or his Chief Minister.

"In the meantime, active measures of resistance to the moss-troopers were adopted. One of the most energetic men in the execution of these measures was the then lord of Haughton Castle, Sir Thomas Swinburne. He it was who drew up the accusation against Lord Dacre; for Sir Thomas was a learned and clerkly man, though as gallant a knight as any in the whole North Country.

"Cardinal Wolsey was then Archbishop of York; and about this time his Grace paid a visit to the city from which his ecclesiastical title was derived. This visit was considered a favourable opportunity for the presentation of the charge against Lord Dacre, and Sir Thomas Swinburne and others were appointed to proceed to York in order to bring the matter to the knowledge of the Chancellor of the King.

"Now it so happened that the day previous to that fixed on for the journey to York, Sir Thomas Swinburne and his retainers chased a gang of moss-troopers who were driving a drove of Northumberland cattle towards the Scottish side of the Border. This chase was completely successful. The freebooters were compelled to relinquish their prey; and not only this, but their leader found himself under the necessity of surrendering himself prisoner.

"Sir Thomas returned triumphant to Haughton Castle. His prisoner, no less a personage than the chief of the Armstrongs, and the brother of Lord Dacre's fair Helen, was cast into the deep, dark, underground dungeon of the Castle,

"Next day Sir Thomas Swinburne and his friends were on the road to York, where, after two days' hard riding, they duly arrived. On the second day after their arrival in that ancient city they were to be presented to the Cardinal. They were on their way to the archiepiscopal palace when it all at once flashed across the mind of Sir Thomas that he had given no instructions whatever with respect to the feeding of his prisoner, the captive in the dungeon of Haughton. Sir Thomas, who was a humane man, was horrorstruck at the possible consequences of his neglect. This was now the fourth day of Armstrong's confinement, and during the whole of that time he might not have received either food or drink!

"Without waiting to see the Cardinal, Sir Thomas Swinburne turned that instant the face of his horse northwards. He galloped as hard as he could—so hard that before he reached Durham his horse dropped dead beneath him. To borrow another steed was the work of a few minutes; this horse he urged to its utmost speed, and by the middle of the night of the day on which he left York, Sir Thomas, soiled and stained with the mire of the roads which he had traversed, his face flushed with a fearful excitement, and his panting and exhausted steed foaming at the mouth, was thundering at the outer portal of his own Castle at Haughton.

"'The prisoner!' was his fierce and abrupt exclamation to his alarmed domestic.

"'We know nothing of him, Sir Thomas,' was the frightful answer.

"A cold fear, like unto an ice-shaft, shot through the brain of the knight. His heart sank within him as if pressed by a thousand millstones. For a few moments he could not utter a word.

"'A torch and the key of the dungeon!' he at length found power to say in a low hoarse voice.

"'The key of the dungeon,' replied the steward, 'is tied on your honour's girdle.'

"So it was. The key had been on his own person; so that even if the propriety of feeding the prisoner had occurred to any one, it would not be possible, without breaking the door of the dungeon, while the lord of Haughton Castle was absent. At this fresh discovery Sir Thomas was, if possible, more shocked than he was before.

"The dungeon was opened, and a blazing torch revealed a horror which even the very worst fears of Sir Thomas had failed to anticipate as possible. The unhappy prisoner was found lying upon the steps descending from the floor of the vault—starved to death! In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms!

"The remorse of Sir Thomas Swinburne nearly drove him mad. The consternation and horror of the domestics was beyond description. As a matter of course, the spectre of the starved man haunted the castle. In the dead of night shrieks of the most agonising kind were heard issuing from the dungeon, and piercing

and resounding through every room in the castle. Haughton Castle was become an impossible habitation. No servant would stay in it.

"'Fools!' muttered Dick the gardener, in a low voice, but not so low as to have evaded the quick ear of the chaplain.

"'Fools they may have been,' rejoined the reverend narrator; 'and yet there are greater fools who believe too little than those who believe too much. And for all the ignorant scorn of godless Sadducees, they would not be more brave in the presence of the terrible spectre of Archie Armstrong than those who were honest enough to confess that they were afraid.'"

By this time the lamp in the common hall of Haughton Castle had gone out. The fire, also, had fallen low, and the fast-dying embers emitted a feeble light, which served rather to make the pervading gloom visible than to throw a proper light on the objects within the apartment. Lizzie Graham clung still closer to the steward, who was not reluctant to reciprocate the attachment. Dame Dorothy crossed and blessed herself, while the heretical gardener muttered something which no one could make out. The chaplain gazed intently on the fading embers.

They were all impressed with horror at the dreadful fate of the unfortunate freebooter in the dungeon, which was but a few yards removed from the place where they now sat. At length perfect silence reigned through the room, for the gardener had ceased his mutterings, and the housekeeper her pious ejaculations. But the stillness was of short duration. All at once, a horrifying shriek rose as it were out of the earth, pierced through the brains and hearts of those who heard it, and pealed and reverberated through every room in the castle, and then gradually sank into an agonizing moan, and finally died away in a wail of inexpressible anguish. Suddenly the now almost extinguished fire blazed up into a lurid flame, and the long since quenched lamp flared up like oil poured upon a fire. The sombre apartment became fearfully and painfully illuminated. It was only for a moment: for the miraculously kindled light was quenched in an instant, and now a black and almost palpable darkness succeeded the excessive brightness of the previous instant.

Fear, or rather horror, had completely petrified the occupants of the room. No one of them could even cry out, though all felt it would be a relief to do so; just as a person labouring under nightmare feels as if the sound of the voice would dispel the awful terror, and yet finds it impossible to express that sound. And just, as in the case of nightmare, it was felt by all of them that some dreadful and supernatural presence was in the room. It was not long before this testimony of the sense of feeling was corroborated with the sense of sight.

On the centre of the hearth, where nothing now remained but fireless ashes, a faintly luminous column was observed to rise from the hearthstone, and extend to the raftered ceiling. Gradually,

the pale luminosity of this vaporous pillar became quite brilliant, when all at once it was rent asunder from floor to roof, and from its cloven centre there stepped out an illuminated skeleton. The terror of the beholders had now arrived at such a height that fear was superseded by stupefaction. This, however, was speedily dispelled by another shriek shorter and sharper than the first. Then the luminous substance and the skeleton both vanished, no one could tell how; and the room and the lamp appeared exactly as they had been before the first startling shriek was heard. All present felt relieved, but the chaplain was the first to speak.

"Fear not now," he said; "the danger is for the present past; the demon has received his due."

They looked round, and lo! Richard Carr, the unbelieving gardener, was not among them!

What had become of him? No one could tell. The reverend man, when asked his opinion, merely shook his head. Richard was never seen in that, if in any other, part of the country.

The chaplain, some time after, gave it as his belief that the exorcism which had formerly banished the ghost of the starved Borderer from Haughton Castle, had lost its power, owing to the abstraction of the black-lettered Bible employed by the first exorcist. This Bible Sir William had taken with him to London, and it was conjectured that the ghost had availed itself of the absence of this sacred talisman in order to return and avenge itself.

But why should the harmless gardener be the victim of its vengeance? Poor Dick Carr was utterly blameless with respect to the painful death of the captive freebooter. Why, then, should the angry ghost make him suffer for the fault of another?

To this very pertinent question, the only answer—and it was far from satisfactory—was that given by the chaplain. "Bear in mind," said that erudite divine, "that it was the ghost of a moss-trooper, who, when alive, was not remarkable for his scrupulous respect for justice, and who, in his posthumous abode, could not reasonably be expected to have been taught better than he practised in the flesh."

Upon the return of Sir William, the black-lettered Bible was replaced, and the ghost of the famished freebooter never again troubled the inmates of Haughton Castle.

THE LAND'S END BOGLE.

By A. T.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as told to me."—*Scott.*

With this salve to my conscience I here proceed to relate one of those singular and unaccountable events which at one time disturbed the quiet of village life, and gave a zest to the gossip and tittle-tattle inherent to a state of society which may be characterised as dull and monotonous in the extreme; a fair day or a dancing being the only divergencies from the plodding routine of agricultural communities. It was in the autumn of 18— that I first became acquainted with the quiet village of Haydon Bridge, my occupation having called me to that part of the country. There have been many improvements in the village since I first knew it. The railway has broken its quietude, and gas has illuminated its streets at nights, and smutty-looking dips have disappeared from the tables of the inns, while there are other evidences that Haydon Bridge has a wish to keep pace with the times. At the period I speak of, and even yet, a lot of us generally gathered at the Bridge End to contemplate the arrival and departure of either biped or quadruped, and of the mail coach. At that time there was a sort of "free and easy" debating society at the Bridge End, the terms of admission being an acquaintance with some of the natives or a short probation at work in the village. The bump of curiosity was very largely developed in that assembly, I can assure you, whilst the imaginative faculty had full exercise; indeed the higher degree of excellence in this latter talent was considered an acquisition to the group. I have spent many a pleasant evening there, listening with a moody, dreamy sort of pleasure to the murmurs of the river as it gently rolled over its rocky bed, or to the hoarse impatient sound of the winter or spring floods that swept by with resistless force. It was pleasant, too, however it may be with your notions of respectability, to sit there and watch the salmon leaping and sporting as the golden rays of the setting sun fell athwart the dimpled bosom of old Tyne, and the quiet stillness of the night gradually settled down over the village. Well, it so happened that matters had reached a most alarming point. There was not the slightest whisper of a gossip—not a pig had had the measles nor a cow had cast her calf—on which to pass an opinion. News seemed at a dead-lock, when, as the company rose to separate for the evening, Willie o' the Lang Syke, with Joanny the Clogger, dropped alongside of us with faces on which were depicted something of a very startling nature.

"Hae ye seen the bogle?" exclaimed Willie, almost breathless.

"Eh? The what?" was the exclamation from most of us.

"The bogle!"

The group, eager to hear the particulars of this alarming-like subject, closed round the aforesaid Willie (the spokesman) and Joanny the Clogger, the former of whom was a man of the average height, with a profusion of red whiskers, giving him the appearance, as one of the wags of the village said, of a ferret peeping out of a hay-stack. He wore a hat with an exceedingly broad brim—the nap of which stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine. His coat was of a swallow-tail pattern—rather small for the man—decked with gilt buttons, and the waistcoat was something prodigious—quite a study of itself. Originally red plush, it had undergone various stages of decay, until at last the colour was indescribable. Out of the huge pockets of this vest generally protruded a small black pipe, and in the other pocket was the snuff-box. In keeping with his other habiliments, were the breeks which he wore. He had a long drawling method of speaking, and a manner in which hurry was unknown. Deliberately taking out his box, he gave it a gentle tap, looked round about him in a confidential sort of manner, and then passed a few remarks upon the weather.

"The glass is aye makin' for a change, but I'm dootin' there'll nae be yen the nicht, if aw ken ought i' the weather ways. It's noo something like ten year Lammas past that"—

"Hoot awa, man, gies the story o' the bogle—it's no the weather we care about; a blind man can tell that," exclaimed one of the group.

"Ye come o' a decent stock," addressing his interrogator, "an a' wad be slow to say onything ill. Aw kenned yer mother weel; a fine braw lassie some time at the Lane Head wi' awd Jock Thompson. But there's nae saying hoo stock turn oot. Matty Bell had a fine galloway and shorthorn cross"—

"Eigh, eigh! Whaiver saw a bogle afore (exclaimed a little fellow with a large leather apron on, and who rejoiced under the soubriquet of "Waxy," and who seemingly had a good knowledge of the eccentricities of Willie). "Whaiver heard o' bogles?" giving us a knowing wink at the same time.

Willie, thus interrogated, began what they had all along been wishing to hear, and emphasizing his opinion as to the truth of apparitions generally, he proceeded—but I will give it in his own language:—Aw had been ayont the Peel wi' some gimmer lambs that Mattie White had bargained for at Stagshaw tryst, an', nae doot on't, Mattie keeps the key o' the closet, an' we had a lang awd farrant crack o' the crops and sic like. The nicht was awa in a nae time, an' they wad fain a' had me to mak the nicht on't, but as the hay was just fit for the stacking aw could na afford messel the pleasure, sae aw buckled up—ye ken its no sae guide wark they mak on the bit loch hay when awm no there. A' things seem to gan wrang then. Weel, as aw said, aw determined to mak

hame, an' mounted the beastie, as aw can weel say with the ploughman poet—an' ye ken it's almaist natural for the likes o' us to excel in whaiver we tak in hand, there's a born—there's a born greetness about us bodies, that gars me think it's an especial favour to that class o' which awm a humble member."

Waxy, who was determined to be a thorn in the poor man's side, said "he did nae doot that yen ploughman might be greet, but he aye had his doots o' the greetness o' them a', present company, ye ken, Mr Johnston, being in a' cases excepted."

"Nae doot, nae doot (looking rather pleased than otherwise), ye're a man, Mr Trumbell, aw aye had a liken for, an' aw ken ye cam o' decent folk." And this new subject made him forget his quotation from "Tam o' Shanter."

"Did ye niver see the bogle, Willie?" asked another of the group.

"Deed aw did; an' if ye'll just wait a wee aw'll tell ye o't. Aw was just coming doon the braeside frae Langley, aboot yen o'clock by ma watch, which is a fu' hour afore the yen at the Anchor, when aw heerd an awfu' skirl, which made ma verra skin creep, an' a queer, tingling sensation aboot ma heed. Dobbin, it was the grey beast aw had that nicht, a' dothered ageyn, an' ye may be sure had it no been for my ain firmness aw wad fand ma back an' the turnpike meet rather ower seun. 'Dobbin,' says aw (an' the beast's a'maist like a christian), 'hame for't lad.' We cam doon the bank in a terrible clatter, an' just as we entered the village, aboon the scheul house, a greet white-leuking bird rose up, an' flackered an' screamed as though it was the deil himsel'. Aw really canno' tell hoo we gat hame, an' aw was surprised to find mysel' safe an' soond abed."

Willie's account had only sufficed to increase the interest which his announcement of a bogle had created in the group where I was sitting, but no definite satisfaction could be obtained from him beyond what I have related. The gatherings, however, at the Bridge End became more numerous, and the attendance much larger, as the whole countryside appeared to be anxious to learn more about the strange apparitions, and nearly every one had something to say about them, though the general haziness which characterized their stories led me to believe that it was mostly to their excited imagination that they owed their account of the marvellous scenes they said they had witnessed. Nowhere could I obtain a clear and definite account, and I was rather vexed than otherwise to think that people should have troubled themselves about things which might have easily been accounted for by other means than the supernatural. I expressed my unbelief at the Bridge End frequently, but there was no such thing as obtaining a fair and candid hearing. I was taunted and jeered at in many ways; my belief on every possible subject questioned; and I believe I was verily set down as a perfect heathen, simply because I would not credit their stories. I confess that often a dread came over me after leaving those meetings where ghostly deeds had been the theme of conversation,

and as I climbed the hillsides to my dwelling near Chesterwood I often found myself unconsciously looking over my shoulders, and in imagination picturing weird and strange forms, and seeing strange faces peering over the stone dykes. Only on one occasion did I give way to real fear. I was proceeding leisurely up a lane leading to Barcum Fell. Night was fast closing round, and in the glimmering twilight an old leafless tree stood out in bold relief, flinging its withered branches out in a most fantastic fashion, and a large white face peered steadfastly at me. I was some distance from it, but the perspiration ran down my face in large drops. Still I determined to approach. I did proceed, though there seemed ages concentrated in those steps. A low sepulchral moan, and I fell to the earth. How long I lay I know not, but when I regained consciousness the unclouded light of a fine harvest moon displayed "crumie" calmly munching a few of the leaves that adorned the old tree in question. That was my ghost. However I will proceed to relate what I further heard of the "Bogle," from "Waxy," and I will give it as he afterwards handed it to me in writing, enclosed in an envelope, carefully sealed with shoemaker's wax. I really don't know whether my venerable friend's living yet, or whether he has reached his "last" resting place. If he has gone hence, I must submit, as it is a thing I could not help, but should he be in the land of the living, I hope he will forgive my divulging his secrets.

"It was about the beginning of the present century," and he is particular in commencing his narrative in true story-telling fashion, "there lived at West Land's End a farmer of the name of Armstrong, who kept a man servant named Oliver. One night, as this same man-servant was sleeping as usual in the room allotted for such purpose, he was conscious of an unusual noise in it. He looked up, and was astonished to see in the middle of his room a large chandelier, which you may be sure was a stranger to the place. It had seven bright lights burning, but it soon disappeared, like a flash of lightning, and with a rattling, rumbling sort of noise."

This was the first appearance of the "Land's End Bogle," which was afterwards known by the name of "Josse."

"Next morning, Oliver informed the other inmates of the house what he had seen and heard. It was not long, however, before they had proof of what he had told them, when all of them asserted that they had heard noises in various apartments of the house, and had also seen lights. Figures, too, were seen, but from the vague and unsatisfactory answers that I received as to their appearance, I could really come to no definite conclusion on the subject of what they were like. They all agreed, however, that it was something 'awfu'." Unlike many kinds of bogles, this one set to work, and frequently assisted the men servants in foddering the horses, and often at night the hay racks would be crammed full of hay; and it is said that if 'Josse' had been requested by the men to put hay into the racks while they were standing in the stable it would have done so. But if the bogle had this virtue, it had also, like

poor humanity, its failings, for it took a malicious delight in frequently undoing what the men had done. It was seldom, however, that it performed any of its evil cantrips. In the morning, after the men had watered, foddered, and dressed the horses, and had gone in to get breakfast, 'Josse' would put the horses in full harness, ready for cart or plough, accordingly as they were wanted. Notwithstanding these favours, the bogle kept the people in the locality in great fear. A road passes Land's End from Haydon Bridge to the west end of the chapelry, and here it would often stray, both in a westward and easterly direction, and in a plantation called Gates Settle it was often heard and seen at the midnight hour. But there appears to have been a limit to its progress in the plantation, as a stream meanders through it, which Josse was never known to cross (possessing the usual discretion of midnight visitants), and only did so when the farmer removed. To the west it had more freedom, sometimes straying as far as the Black Byer and Lees Dene, where another stream curtailed its travels. The farmer above mentioned removed from Land's End to the Bush, and whilst he was removing, he stopped at an inn in Haydon Bridge, and during his stay an inquisitive bystander inquired if Josse was also going with them? The man in charge of the cart replied in the negative. But a voice was heard to issue from a large barrel churn, saying 'We are all going to the Bush together.'

This was the last that was heard or seen of the Land's End bogle. Old Jack Trumbell is said to have "laid" it, but this is a secret he never revealed. The general opinion is that the Land's End bogle was the work of some of the men servants about the place, but of this there are no clear accounts. What I have here written I give as the rumours reached me when sitting gossiping at the Bridge End. I could many other tales unfold of its wonderful doings; yet I never fell in with one who in reality saw the bogle, and could give a description of what it was like, each account varying as to its size and nature.

I read this tale over at the Bridge End, and the assembled wights each thought it was a correct one, though they thought a little anecdote here and another there, which they individually vouched for, would, they said, have finished it better. Some time after Willie had told of the apparition he had seen, news came to the ears of the Bridge-endites of an extensive jollification that individual had had on the night in question, and that far from having ridden home, as he asserted, he had been carried home in a cart. So some of the less charitably disposed of his neighbours asserted, but what will ill-disposed people not say? He never again mentioned the bogle.

DICKEY OF KINGSWOOD.

In the early part of the last century there lived at Staward-le-Peel a marauder popularly known by the appellation of "Dickey of Kingswood." He was a gentleman who prided himself in being able to accomplish his purposes of robbery more by cunning than mere brute force and bloodshed. And whilst he boasted that he was afraid of no man, he took credit to himself for being able to exact contributions without bodily harm to himself or his victims. One instance of his tact is as follows :—On passing a farm house at Denton Burn, near Newcastle, a pair of fat oxen in an adjoining field particularly attracted his attention, and he was resolved to become their possessor if the thing could be done comfortably. Accordingly, skulking about until night, he entered the field and drove them off. The farmer, on discovering his loss the following morning, set off in pursuit ; but, being put upon a false track, travelled towards the Tweed, without being able to fall in with them. Dickey had in the meantime taken a western route, and on arriving at Lanercost, in Cumberland, met with an old farmer, who so greatly admired his cattle that he bought them. Dickey was very glad to meet with such a customer, partly for thus ridding him of a charge that he could not have kept much longer with safety, and partly on account of an excellent mare which the purchaser rode. He accompanied the old gentleman home, and, after partaking of his bottle, asked him to sell his mare. "My mare ! no," was the reply, "not for all Cumberland would I sell her—her like is not to be found." "I cannot blame you," replied Dickey, "but I would recommend you to keep her close, as unlikelier things have happened than that your stable should be empty some morning." "Stable, sir ; God bless you, she sleeps in the same house with myself—close at my own bed foot. I keep her at her manger, and no music can be sweeter to me than to hear her grinding her corn all night long close by me." Dickey recommended caution, though he inwardly cursed it as placing startling difficulties in his path towards the acquisition of the favourite. "But I hope you have got a good lock," was his next feeler. "You shall see it," replied the simple farmer. This was exactly what was wanted. After a careful survey of the lock, and pronouncing it to be the real thing, just such a one as it ought to be, and one it would be impossible to pick, Dickey partook of another cup, shook hands with his customer, and departed. The old farmer, who was a bachelor, after fastening his mare to her accustomed post, betook himself to rest. He awoke towards morning, shivering with cold, and was astonished to find himself without covering of any kind. Arising and providing himself with a light, he found his blankets spread upon the floor towards the door, which he found open. Turning towards his bed, he saw the stand of his mare empty—his favourite was gone. The daring thief had picked the lock, stripped

him of his covering, which was spread down to prevent any noise being heard, and had then flown with his prize. He aroused his servants and commenced a pursuit, but in vain. No trace could be seen beyond a few yards from his own door. After venting curses innumerable upon the impudent thief, he was obliged to content himself. In the meantime, Dickey (for his was the deed), after clearing the neighbourhood, directed his flight to the east, and such was the speed of his mare that by the break of day he flattered himself that he was safe from all pursuit. On crossing Haltwhistle Fell, he was met by a person whom he recognised as the owner of the oxen he had stolen. The honest farmer it appeared had not the slightest knowledge of his real character, and enquired if he had seen a yoke of oxen in his travels, describing them minutely. Dickey, without the slightest hesitation, said he had, and directed them to the very place where he had sold them. "You ride a good mare," said the farmer, "and I am completely knocked up with tramping on foot. Will you sell her?" After much chaffering a bargain was struck, the money paid, and the farmer and Dickey parted; the former to seek his stolen property from the owner of the stolen mare on which he was riding, and the latter to wherever his genius might direct him. The farmer, on arriving at Lanercost, instantly recognised his oxen grazing in a field, and rode up towards an elderly person whom he supposed to be the master. "I say, friend, those are my cattle in your field. How did you come by them?" "And I'm d——d," replied the other, "that is my mare. How did you come by her?" On each describing the person from whom they had purchased their property, they discovered that they had been duped by a rogue of no common order. So ludicrous did the whole affair appear, even to those who were sufferers by it, that they joined in a loud peal of laughter on the subject. They then set about putting matters right. There was evidently no way of accomplishing this but one, seeing that Dickey was not there to refund the cash he had got, and a fair exchange took place. So overjoyed was each at the recovery of his property, that in the excess of joy Dickey was forgotten, and quietly allowed to pocket the price of both mare and oxen.

THE SUNKEN TREASURE IN BROOMLEY LOUGH.

At an early period a certain personage, whose name has not come to our knowledge, possessed the castle of Sewingshields, and, being an avaricious man, he is alleged to have gathered together a large amount of money. Having been compelled to leave the fortress, and not being permitted to carry with him any portion of his wealth, he resolved, in order that his successors should not be

enriched thereby, to sink it in Broomley Lough, a large lake in that neighbourhood. Providing a massive box, he bestowed therein his treasure, and having placed it in a boat, which he caused to be rowed to a distance from the shore, he threw it overboard, subjecting it to a spell that it never should be recovered save by the co-operation of "two twin yands, two twin oxen, two twin lads, and a chain forged by a smith of kind."* Soon afterwards the keeper of the castle quitted the country, and it was observed by people who resided in the vicinity that when the wind in stormy weather agitated the surrounding waters of the lake, they were ever still and unruffled above the place where the box containing the treasure lay. At a subsequent period some person, attaching credit to the legend—for, like other incidents of a kindred nature, it passed into tradition—made an attempt to win the hoard of hidden gold. He provided the yands, the oxen, and lads, and got a chain of sufficient length made, as he supposed, by a smith of kind, to surround the spot where report said the box was deposited. Taking advantage of a breezy day to accomplish his project, he commenced by leaving one end of the chain on dry land, and carrying out the remainder in a boat, he let it out by degrees till he swept round the place, and then returned, bringing with him the other end to the shore. Then speedily attaching the yands and oxen to the chain, the two young drivers urged the animals forward, thinking to obtain the treasure in the same way as haymakers, by the assistance of horses and wain ropes, drag together a number of coils of hay. The box was accordingly moved from its position and borne onward to within a third part of its original distance from the side of the Lough when, unfortunately, one of the links in the chain broke, and with it the potency of the whole plan of recovering the lost treasure, which to this day remains in safe preservation under the waters. The failure was ascribed to various causes, but that which chiefly preponderated was that, once on a time, while the grandfather of the smith who made the chain, and who lived in the vicinity, chanced to be at Willimoteswick paying his rent, an affair which in those times took up two or three days, a sturdy beggar lodged in the house; and this occurring about three-quarters of a year previous to the birth of an only son—the father of the maker of the chain—it was supposed the frailty of the grandmother had prevented him from inheriting the virtue which otherwise had descended to a smith of kind.

* By yands are meant horses, and a smith of kind is one who claims his descent in unbroken succession from six ancestors of the same trade as himself—he being of the seventh generation.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS.

It is curious to note the many legends connected with the sunken treasure in Broomley Lough, over which speculation has long been rife. What may have given rise to the rumour concerning the burial of such wealth in the Lough we have mentioned, it would not be easy to surmise. Yet if we take it in connection with the treasures that have recently been found in the vicinity, we may possibly trace a foundation for the legend on the supposition that a good deal of money had been buried in a chest as indicated, but that the locality had not been properly known at the time, and it may be that the sunken treasure so happily discovered bears a closer relationship to that indicated as having been sunk in Broomley than a first glance at the subject warrants. Be this as it may, and we leave those who delight in solving the marvels of antiquity to throw a clearer light on the question, the discovery of the Roman well and thousands of Roman coins, has given an impetus to antiquarian taste in this district which will not readily disappear, and a desire to learn more of those remarkable people who once dwelt on the wild and barren hills of Northumbria, which cannot be without an effort to get a better knowledge of past history. A writer (October, 1876) says:—

“An unprecedented discovery of Roman treasure has, within the last few days, taken place near Carrabrough, or Carrowbrough, a small farm house, a little less than four miles west of Chollerford. For some time past the excavators employed by Mr. John Clayton, the lord of the manor, have been engaged in the neighbourhood, and their search after Roman antiquities has been rewarded by the unearthing of a treasure chamber containing many Roman altars and thousands of Roman coins. On the north side of the road, soon after leaving Chollerford, may be seen a long piece of the lower wall courses in almost perfect preservation, their solid stonework showing firm and solid as when they left the hands of the old world masons by whom they were laid. Nearing Carrowbrough, and about three miles further on, are uplifted the serrated peaks of King's and Queen's Crag, long ranges of distant hills to the north closing in the field of view. Passing the solitary farm house at Carrowbrough, and between it and Carrow, once a rural retreat of the priors of Hexham, a few green mounds on the left of the road show the position of Procolitia, the seventh station or fortified stationary camp on the Roman Wall. Here was the home of the first Batavian Cohort, which with two others from the same country and two Tungarian Cohorts—Dutch and Belgic auxiliaries of the Romans—garrisoned the camp in that stormy period. According to Dr. Bruce, the Roman Wall formed the northern boundary of the station, and its eastern and western gateways are, as usual, opposite each other, but strike the side walls between the upper end and

the middle. The southern corners are rounded off, but the side walls of the station, in joining the Murus on the north, preserve their rectilinear course. These of course are all obliterated now, have disappeared in fact centuries ago, but the ruins of the suburbs outside the western wall of the camp can still be faintly traced. These would still be within the protection of the Murus or Great Wall, so far as any irruption of northern Picts were concerned, and stood upon the sloping sides of the then well-watered valley which bounded Procolitia on the west. When Procolitia was destroyed, and its buildings overthrown, it is probable that this stream, fed by springs to the north, was obstructed in its course. The water would consequently overflow its boundaries, and make the adjacent ground into a bog, hiding the work of destruction which had been accomplished, and with it the relics of antiquity now recovered eighteen centuries after being deposited there. Some few fragments of the buildings have, however, been occasionally seen, and in the last century, Horsley, who was the great authority at that period upon the Roman Wall, actually stumbled across the very chamber from which Mr. Clayton has taken the whole of his recently found treasure-trove. In his 'Britannia Romana,' published in 1732, Horsley writes:—'The building on the fort is chiefly on the west side, where about a year ago they discovered a well. It is a good spring, and the receptacle for the water is about 7ft. square within, and built on all sides with hewn stone; the depth could not be known when I saw it, for it was almost filled up with rubbish. There had also been a wall about it or a house built over it, and some of the flat stones belonging to it were yet lying there. The people called it a Cold Bath, and rightly judged it to be Roman.' This well which Horsley speaks of seems to have gradually become covered with peat and swampy turf, and to have dropped out of sight, and even remembrance, until a party of lead miners happened to strike upon it. Mr. Clayton thereupon proceeded to examine its contents, with the best results.

"The workmen had scarcely begun this operation when they met with a very large number of Roman coins of the Lower Empire. Having being exposed for an indefinite period to the action of the water, they were greatly corroded, and could only be deciphered with difficulty. These, so far as is yet ascertained, belong to the reigns of Diocletian, Maximinian, and Constantine the Great, extending from the year 284 A.D. to 310 A.D. On proceeding further down the well, in addition to many hundreds more coins of the same character, the workmen came upon a stone slab, on which was sculptured the figures of three water nymphs of excellent workmanship. Yet further down, eighteen or nineteen small altars were discovered. At least half of these were uninscribed, and the lettering on the others is so indistinct, that they have not as yet been correctly read. One is dedicated to Minerva, and several others to a goddess not hitherto known in Roman mythology. Her name is variously written, Covontina, Conventina,

and Coventina. On the altar, which is most distinct, the following inscription appears :—

DEÆ SANCT
COVONTINÆ VINCENTIVS
PRO SALUTE SVA
PSLM P.

“The interpretation of this inscription reads—‘To the Holy Goddess Covontina, Vincentius, for his welfare, erects this altar, in discharge of a vow, willingly, and to a most meritorious object.’ Beneath these altars a number of coins of the Higher Empire were found, extending from the reign of Vespasian to Antoninus Pius, *circa* A.D. 74—140, the greater part being of the latter reign. Very many of these were injured, as the upper stratum of coins had been by the action of the water, but happily about forty of them had been preserved in a bed of clay, and came out fresh and bright as newly minted sovereigns; the Corinthian brass of which they are made having all the brilliancy of gold when new. Very few Denarii, or silver coins of the empire, were found, but two gold coins have been discovered in an excellent state of preservation; and a third is said to have been discovered, and carried away by some vagrant. Gold coins are of extremely rare occurrence in stations on the Roman Wall; Mr. Clayton, in the whole course of his excavations, which have extended over more than a quarter of a century, not having previously found one.

“Hitherto, adopting Horsley’s term, the chamber in which the coins have been found has been called a well; but there can be little doubt that it was used as a bath. The size of the building, its peculiarly massive character, the sculptured water-nymphs found in it, all point to this supposition. Whether the water which formerly rose or flowed into it was supposed to possess mineral qualities cannot be ascertained, as the springs anciently supplying it are dry. The top course of stones on the southern side of the bath are within three inches of the top of the turf, covering it so that its long concealment is probably due to the fact that the greater part of the land in the neighbourhood is used for grazing purposes, and lies undisturbed from year’s end to year’s end, and almost from generation to generation. In size the bath gives an inside measurement of 8ft. 6in. by 7ft. 9in., and excepting that the northern wall has bulged in a little, the stonework is as perfect as when first built. Many hypotheses accounting for the deposit of the treasure in the bath have been started, but the most reasonable appears to be that it was left there when the garrison were hard pressed by the enemy. That this happened twice, or that the compelling cause for concealment occurred twice, is proved by the coins belonging to as many different periods. The copper coins, of which the great bulk of those found consist, were heavy, and the altars were bulky. In the fierce press of fight and perchance of anticipated flight, both must be hidden. The bath proved a safe, and what was of more consequence to hurried men, a ready place of

concealment. Could we know under what fears the military chest of Procolitia—the 'Fortress of the Woodlands' as its name implies—was lowered into the bath which stood in the suburbs of the camp, what a strange and stirring chapter of antique siege and battle might be written."

Large numbers of persons have visited the place where the coins have been discovered, and have succeeded in obtaining a great quantity of them, as though they still possessed an old Border quality, though taking care to expend it in a less harmful way than the buirdly reivers of former times, whose scruples were neither numerous nor strong where property or cattle were concerned. Two gold rings and a few earthenware vases are said to have been carried off. Those who have done so only show how little regard they had for themselves, and how little respect they entertain for one of the most earnest explorers in local antiquity, as well as one of the most kindly and generous of neighbours.

FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

One of the most delightful and instructive occupations that mankind can follow is assuredly that of botany, in whose domains we may find those marvellous and wonderful adaptations of means to an end that strengthen and increase our admiration of the hand that doeth all things wisely. The tender blue-eyed forget-me-not, and the numberless plants and flowers that gladden the eye as we wander over some woodland scene, or by some sunny bank side, give to the sentient mind a pleasure that aught else fails to convey, and leaves a deep and lasting impression in the mind of those who have spent their lives in the midst of the bustling city, where there are few of those silent monitors of the wilderness to convey their sweet and assuring lessons of divine love, to foster that inborn, inextinguishable liking for rural life which we find inherent in the hearts of all. Near the many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood of Haydon Bridge will be found the following flowers and plants, many useful, but all beautiful, and possessing some peculiar or graceful charm, and silently fulfilling their unexplained offices in the economy of nature:—

<i>Epilobium angustifolium</i>	Rosebay, Willow Herb,
	French Willow..... Sewingshields.
<i>Nymphaea alba</i>	White Water Lily Broomley Lough.
<i>Nuphar lutea</i>	Yellow Water Lily
<i>Thelaspis alpestris</i>	Alpine Penny Cress ... South Tyne.
<i>Nasturtium officinale</i> ...	Common Water Cress... Old Bog.
<i>Drosera anglica</i>	Great Sundew
<i>Linum catharticum</i>	Purging Flax
<i>Malva moschata</i>	Marsh Mallow

<i>Geranium sylvaticum</i> ...	Wood Crane's Bill	Esphill.
<i>Prunus cerasus</i>	Wild Cherry..... ..	Spring Plantation.
<i>Prunus spinosa</i>	The Sloe	Threepwood.
<i>Spiroca ulmaria</i>	Meadow Sweet.....	Esphill Cleugh.
<i>Agrimonia eupatoria</i> ...	Agrimony	Allerwash Pasture.
<i>Rubus uberectus</i>	Upright Bramble	Staward-le-Peel.
<i>Rubus cordifolius</i>	Hazel-Leaved Bramble..	Threepwood Lane.
<i>Rubus leucostachys</i>	Long Clustered Bramble	Fourstones.
<i>Rosa canina</i>	Dog Rose	Woodhall.
<i>Pyrus malus</i>	Crabtree	Geeswood.
<i>Conium maculatum</i>	Hemlock	Crossley Burn.
<i>Heracleum spondylium</i> ..	Cow Parsnip.....	Spa Well.
<i>Galium mollugo</i>	Hedge Bedstraw	Staward-le-Peel.
<i>Hieracium prenan-</i> <i>thoides</i>	Rough Bordered Hawk- weed	Ridley Hall Bridge.
<i>Arctium lappa</i>	Burdock.. ..	Crossley Burn.
<i>Carduus Coterphyllus</i> ..	Plume Thistle	Chesterholme.
<i>Bidens cernua</i>	Bur Marigold	Crowhall Mill.
<i>Matricaria chamomilla</i> ..	Chamomile	Roman Wall.
<i>Andromeda polifolia</i> ...	Marsh Andromeda	Muckle Moss.
<i>Chlora perfolita</i>	Perfoliated Yellow Wort.	Chesterwood.
<i>Euphrasia officinalis</i> ..	Eye Bright	Heatha.
<i>Linaria vulgaris</i>	Yellow Toad Flax	Haydon Bridge.
<i>Salvia verbenaca</i>	Sage	Geeswood.
<i>Galeopsis ladanum</i>	Red Hemp Nettle.....	Haydon Bridge.
<i>Stachys ambigua</i>	Ambiguous Wound Wort	Lipwood.
<i>Scutellaria galericulata</i> ..	Skullcap	Crag Lough.
<i>Myosotis polustris</i>	Forget-me-not	Back Cleugh—common.
<i>Listeria cordata</i>	Heart-Leaved Tway Blade	Sewingshields.
<i>Epipactis latifolia</i>	Broad-Leaved Helle- borine.....	Langley Castle.
<i>Malaxis poludosa</i>	Marsh Bog Orchis	Muckle Moss.
<i>Orchis bifolia</i>	Butterfly Orchis	Sewingshields.
<i>Orchis conopsea</i>	Aromatic Orchis	Sewingshields.
<i>Satyrium viride</i>	Frog Satyrion	Sewingshields.
<i>Salix fusca</i>	Brownish Dwarf Willow	Sewingshields.
<i>Allium schenoprasum</i> ...	Chives?	Walltown Crag.
<i>Gagea lutea</i>	Yellow Gagea	Whinnitley Burn.
<i>Potamogeton perfoliatus</i>	Perfoliate Pondweed ...	Crag Lough,
<i>Potamogeton rufescens</i> ..	Red Pondweed.....	Greenly Lough.
<i>Typha latifolia</i>	Reed Mace.....	Crag Lough.
<i>Equisetum arvense</i>	Corn Horsetail	Cornfields.
<i>Equisetum variegatum</i> ...	Variegated Horsetail ...	Waterhouse.
<i>Carex pauciflora</i>	Flowered Sedge	Twice Brewed.
<i>Sabbatia Angularis</i>	Centuary	Bush Fell.
<i>Galium Aparine</i>	Clivers	Hedges—common.
<i>Artemisia vulgaris</i>	Mugwort	Woodhall Mill.
<i>Lycopus Europeus</i>	Archangel	West Mill Hills.
<i>Artemisia Absynthium</i> .	Wormwood	Lees Farm.
<i>Achillea millifolium</i>	Common Milfoil	Chesterwood.

LEGEND OF SEWINGSHIELDS.

Near the farm-house of Sewingshields several basaltic columns rose very proudly and remarkably in front of the high and rugged cliff that the wall has traversed, and one of these, in particular, was called by some King Arthur's and by others King Ethel's Chair. It was a single many-sided shaft, about ten feet high, and had a natural seat on its top like a chair with a back; but was most wantonly overturned several years since by a mischievous lad, well-known in the neighbourhood, but unworthy of punishment by the mention of his name. Vulgar malignity loves to torment the orderly and ingenious by destroying works which time has sanctified and rendered objects of their veneration. Though the history of Sewingshields Castle is blended with legends of British days, its size never entitled it to a higher name than a tower, of which description of border strongholds many were much more formidable than this. But as its tale belongs to times nearer the Romans than these degenerate days, we will enshrine it here within the sound of Roman trumpets and in sight of the armies of the Mistress of the World, as they make their well-defended marches from sea to sea. Immemorial tradition has asserted that King Arthur, his Queen Guenever, court of lords and ladies, and his hounds, were enchanted in some cave of the crags, or in a hall below the Castle of Sewingshields, and would continue so entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle horn that lay on a table near the entrance into the hall, and then with "the sword of stone" cut a garter also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was, till the farmer at Sewingshields, about seventy years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the Castle when his clew fell, and he ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterranean passage. Full in the faith that the entrance into King Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared the briary portal of its weeds and rubbish, and, entering a vaulted passage, followed in his darkling way the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards, and the dark wings of bats, disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking faith was strengthened by a dim, distant light which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till all at once he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire, without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambient flame that showed all the carved walls and fretted roof, and the monarch, and his queen and court, reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds, and on a table before it the spell-dissolving

horn, sword, and garter. The shepherd reverently, but firmly, grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter, and as the sword was being slowly sheathed the spell assumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sank to rest ; but not before the monarch lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed :—

“O, woe betide that evil day
On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword—the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle horn.”

Of this favourite tradition, the most remarkable variation is respecting the place where the farmer descended. Some say that after the king's denunciation, terror brought on loss of memory, and he was unable to give any correct account of his adventure or the place where it occurred. But all agree that Mrs. Spearman, the wife of another and more recent occupier of the estate, had a dream, in which she saw a rich hoard of treasure among the ruins of the castle ; and that for many days together she stood over workmen employed searching for it, but without success.

To the north-west of Sewingshields two strata of sandstone crop out to the day. The highest points of each ledge are called the King and Queen's Crag, from the following legend :—King Arthur, seated on the furthest rock, was talking to his Queen, who meanwhile was engaged in arranging her black hair. Some expression of the Queen's having offended His Majesty, he seized a rock which lay near him, and with an exertion of strength for which the Picts were proverbial, threw it at her, a distance of about a quarter-of-a-mile. The Queen with great dexterity caught it upon her comb, and thus warded off the blow. The stone fell between them, where it lies to this day, with the marks of the comb upon it to attest the truth of the story. It probably weighs about twenty tons. A few miles north of Sewingshields stands an upright pillar, which bears the name of Cumming's Cross. Cumming, a northern chieftain, having paid one day a visit to King Arthur at his castle near Sewingshields, was kindly received by the King, and was, as a token of friendship, presented with a gold cup. The King's sons coming in shortly after Cumming's had left the castle, and being informed of what their father had done, immediately set out in pursuit of him. They overtook him and slew him at this place, which has borne the name of Cumming's Cross ever since.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

The following ballad, founded on a legend connected with the Castle of Sewingshields, or Seven Shields, is extracted from Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Harold the Dauntless :"—

The Druid Urien had daughters seven,
Their skill could call the moon from heaven ;
So fair their forms, and so high their fame,
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys, came from Powis and Wales,
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails ;
From Strath-Clwyde came Ewain, and Ewain was lame,
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth ;
Dunmail, of Cumbria, had never a tooth ;
But Adolph of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have
For husband King Adolph, the gallant and brave ;
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose.

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil,
They swore to the foe they would work by his will ;
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
" Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

" Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sat on the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told ;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With the blood from their bosoms they moisten'd the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream ;
The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground—
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within the dread castle seven monarchs were wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead ;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed,

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolph hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolph the night when he wed,
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere borne to his bed;
He sprung from the couch, and his broad sword he drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and sealed,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield;
To the cells of St. Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite grey.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad;
Whoever shall question those chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old,
There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly;
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,
Before the adventure be perill'd and won.

ROMAN COINS AND ALTARS.

The Rev. Dr. Bruce, at the Wark Mechanics' Institute, at the close of a lecture on the "Roman Wall," gave the following account of the recent "find" of Roman coins at Procolitia. He said: the Romans first taught the inhabitants of Northumberland the use of money. No ancient British coinage has been found in the north of England. The coin earliest in use amongst the Romans was the As, and they probably derived it from their Etruscan predecessors. The As consisted of copper, and was originally of considerable weight. A smaller coin, but stamped in a similar manner, was in use during the latter years of the Republic. On the one side was a double-headed Janus, and on the other the prow of a ship—the ship of the state. In the example which is here shown, you have the word ROMA at the bottom of the piece. During the empire—and it is with this period that we have to do

—three descriptions of coin were in vogue, the *aureus* or gold piece, like our sovereign; the *denarius* or silver penny (the *d* of our £ s. d.), which is now of the money value of about eightpence, but in ancient times was a fair wage for a fair day's work; and the *sestertius*, a bronze coin, four of which were equivalent to a denarius. There were, besides, made of copper, a half-sestertius, and also a quarter. These coins are generally called by antiquaries first, second, and third brass. The first brass is made of a mixed metal called Corinthian brass, which, when burnished, has the appearance of gold. The inferior coins are made of copper. The machines with which the Romans struck their medals had not the mechanical accuracy of ours; and their coins were not milled. A piece of metal was put between the two dies, and a hammer brought down upon the upper one. It often happens that the piece of metal was not placed precisely in the centre of the die, so that sometimes one edge of the piece protruded and sometimes another. No two coins are precisely alike. The devices on the coins of the Romans, from the time of Augustus down to that of Severus, are remarkable for their artistic skill. The artists employed in designing them have probably been Greeks. On the obverse side of the coin (what we call heads) we generally have the head of the emperor, who usually wears a crown of laurel, made of gold. These heads are all likenesses, some of them, perhaps, slightly flattered. In some of these portraits you will notice the advance from youth to more mature age. There is a strong resemblance between these portraits and the busts of the Emperors which you have in such abundance in the galleries of Rome. The designs on the reverse (or tails) of the coins are almost infinite in their variety. We have upon our copper coinage from year to year, from reign to reign, from century to century, one device—Britannia, and that has been stolen from a sestertius of Hadrian. The Romans, on the other hand, varied the devices on the reverse of all their coins in accordance with the varying events of their history. Is an important dock opened in which the State has an interest—the coinage of the day represents it. There is a coin of Nero's representing the port of Ostia, which was completed at the beginning of his reign. Has a victory been won, the coins perpetuate it. There is a coin of Vespasian's having on the reverse an emblem of Judea's subjection; Judea is represented as a disconsolate female sitting at the foot of a palm tree. Does the empress become a mother, the coins declare it to all the world. A coin of this kind I have noticed amongst those now in circulation amongst us. It has the head of the younger Faustina on the obverse, and on the reverse is a female standing, having a spear in one hand and a little boy in the other; while the legend *FECVNDITAS* (fruitfulness) runs round the edge. In one of the coins of this empress four children are introduced. The gold and silver coinage of the empire was in the hands of the emperor—he could produce what coins he liked;

but the copper coinage was in the hands of the Senate. There will be noticed upon the face, or some other part of the brass coins, the letters S.C. These letters stand for *Senatus Consulte*—by decree of the Senate. This power on the part of the Senate was of considerable importance, as by it they could give what colouring they pleased to passing events. It enabled them to pay a compliment to the reigning monarch when they were so disposed, by issuing coins to commemorate victories won either by himself or his generals. The date is not impressed upon the coins in the same manner as with us; but the time when they were struck may generally be ascertained in this way. There will be noticed upon the coins such marks as these COS. II., or COS. III., and TR.P. III., or IIII., or V., &c., which are abbreviations for *consul secundum*, or *consul tertium*, which is—consul for the second time, or consul for the third time; and *tribunitia potestate tertium*, or *quartum*, or *quintum*, that is—possessed of the tribunitian power for the third, fourth, or fifth time. Now, we know from the records of the empire in what years these offices were held by various individuals, and so we can come to the date of the coin. By way of assisting you in reading the inscriptions round the coins, I will take as an example a coin of Claudius. We have first of all TI. for Tiberius; then CLAUDIVS in full; next comes CAESAR; and then AVG for Augustus; which two titles all the emperors assumed. At a period a little later than the one we are considering Cæsar became the title of the heir apparent to the empire, as the Prince of Wales is with us; and Augustus was throughout the whole Imperial series the specific designation of the supreme ruler, as Queen is with us. Then follows on this coin P.M., which letters stand for *Pontifex Maximus*, or chief priest. Unless the emperor held this office his power would be very much curbed. The chief priests were consulted on all important occasions, in order to ascertain whether the omens were favourable or unfavourable. If the priest, on examining the entrails of a victim, said that the omens were bad, the business was put off till another day, however inconvenient that might be. When the emperor was chief priest he was master of the situation. The next title that we have on the coin is TR. P.—*tribunitia potestate*. As no figure is here added the emperor held the tribunitian power for the first time. This coin therefore belongs to A.D. 41. The tribunitian power was essential to complete sovereignty. The tribunes were elected from the plebeians, and they possessed the power, simply by saying “veto,” I forbid, of stopping the proceedings of the aristocratic senate. The emperor could not become a tribune because he was not one of the common people. The difficulty, however, was got over by his assuming the power of a tribune while he retained his aristocratic rank. The next letters are IMP, *imperator*, or commander. This was a title with which a successful general was hailed on the battle field. It not unfrequently happened that the same individual was thus

honoured a second and a third time, in which case they were entitled to put II. or III. after the word *imperator*. As time wore on, the emperors prefixed the word *imperator* to their names, in which case it became nearly equivalent to our word emperor. The last of the titles of Claudius on this coin is P.P.—*pater patriæ*—father of his country. This was a proud title, which Julius Cæsar was the first to assume. Some of his successors were a little coy about taking it to themselves, but they all did it sooner or later. On the reverse of this medal we have three prætorian soldiers saluting the symbolic figure of hope. The inscription is SPES AVGVSTA—imperial hope. Hope is here represented as a female. As hope is not a certainty, and as some reserve must be used in interpreting present appearances, she moves cautiously, and holds up her gown with her left hand. In her right hand she holds the flower of the Egyptian plant, the lotus. Where there is blossom there is a promise of fruit, though not the certainty. This coin was struck just after Claudius was called to the throne. The people were delighted to be delivered from the tyranny of Caligula, and hoped great things from Claudius, who dwelt largely in promises. The S.C. is at the bottom of the coin, which part is called the *exergue*. There are two batches of coins that have been discovered in the water tank of Procolitia—one of the earlier empire, the other, at the top of the well, of the latter. Of the earlier, the earliest that I have noticed is one of Claudius. There are a good many of the Emperor Nero. He reigned from the year 54 until A.D. 68. I have already pointed out to you the reverse of one of his coins. Another remarkable one is here depicted—it represents the gates of the temple of Janus closed, indicative of universal peace. This medal was struck in the year 58. I have noticed several among those recently found. The next emperor was Galba, and if any of you find a coin of his you will know it by his remarkable nose—it is exceedingly Roman. The next emperors were Vespasian and his son, Titus. There are some of their coins in the recent find, and if you should happen to discern examples of those struck to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, hail it as a treasure, not commercially, but historically. Domitian, the younger brother of Titus, was the next emperor. He began to reign A.D. 81, and was assassinated A.D. 96. It was during his reign that Agricola paid us a visit. He took the title of Germanicus from some victories gained by his generals in Germany; and hence you will find GERM. (Germanicus) upon his coins. There are several of them in this find; but I have not as yet had time to notice their reverses. Nerva followed Domitian, and then came Trajan. There are many coins of Trajan in this find. You will know his appearance by observing a remarkable projection in his forehead, just over his eyebrows. The legends S.P.Q.R. OPTIMI PRINCIPI—the Senate and people of Rome to their most excellent Prince—is common on the reverses of his coins. Many of his reverses have on them the

figure of a horseman triumphing over a fallen foe, with the word DACIA underneath, to commemorate his victories over the Dacians. Trajan was the adopted son of Nerva; and, therefore, the name of Nerva is associated with that of Trajan on his coins. Hadrian, the adopted son of Trajan, succeeded that emperor. On his earlier coins you will find the names of Nerva and Trajan, associated with his own. He began to reign A.D. 117, and after a reign of 21 years, died in A.D. 138. He travelled much; and hence upon his coins you will find emblematic figures and names of the several countries which he visited. I have noticed one which has a rabbit at the foot of a robed female, and the word HISPANIA in the exergue. The rabbit was emblematic of Spain, as the crocodile was of Egypt. The most interesting of the coins of Hadrian to us are those which were struck to commemorate his victory over our forefathers, and which represent Britannia pretty much as she is shown on our copper coinage. On all the Roman representations of Britannia, however, that respectable lady is shewn bareheaded, and, therefore, defenceless; Rome is always represented with a helmet on. Our Mint masters have taken the liberty of putting a helmet on the head of Britannia now. One of the class of coins I am now speaking about (Hadrian's Britannia) is exceedingly scarce, and therefore valuable. Any one finding a Hadrian with Britannia on it should handle it tenderly, and show it to some one who understands the subject. Hadrian's wife was Sabina, and she is supposed to have come to Britain with him in A.D. 120. He was a bad husband, but, notwithstanding, several coins were struck to her memory after her death. I have seen some of these in this find. We now come to Antoninus Pius, the adopted son and successor of Hadrian. He began to reign A.D. 138 and died A.D. 161. His coins constitute by far the largest portion of the early series of the find. When once you have studied his handsome and thoughtful face you will have no difficulty in recognising any coin on which it appears. Hadrian was the first of the emperors who wore a beard, but he kept it well down. Antoninus Pius assumed more courage and wore a well-developed one. I will mention two or three of his coins which I find numerous among those recently discovered. One of these is a series, having the figure of Annona, the goddess presiding over the year, on the reverse. She stands upright, having a cornucopiæ in her left hand, and with her right she is dropping some ears of corn into a bushel already overflowing. The word ANNONA, with, perhaps, the addition of AVGVSTA, is round the rim. If the plenty of provision, which is thus indicated, has been procured by the importation of corn from Alexandria, this fact is noted by the introduction of the prow of a ship at the feet of the lady on her left side. Next we may notice coins of the Britannia class. There are some large brass coins of this class, very handsome medals. There is a second brass coin of this class, which is extremely numerous in the recent find. On the reverse we have

a female seated on a rock, indicative of the nature of the province. The legend is BRITANNIA COS IIII. Antoninus Pius was consul for the fourth time A.D. 145. Britannia is represented in a most abject posture. One hand is resting on the rock, and with the other she sustains her drooping head, which is, of course, bare; her shield rests on the ground; her standard droops. What is the matter with her? A little before this Antoninus had sent to Britain as his representative a skilful commander, named Lollius Urbicus, to subdue the Britons, who were then in revolt. His arms were successful; and to make everything secure, he built a wall considerably in advance of Hadrian's, namely, the one which stretches between the firths of Forth and Clyde. The Britons were for the time completely humbled. The coin exhibits the fact, and notified it to the whole civilised world. Wherever Roman armies went this coin went. It was hard to inundate Britain with it. It was bad enough to be conquered; but to be perpetually reminded of the fact was most galling. Whenever a poor Briton brought his produce for sale to the market of a Roman garrison, the chances were that he would be paid in this insulting coin. To show how very numerous these pieces are, I may mention that from a heap of coins in Mr. Clayton's possession, I picked out fifty of them in a short space of time. If any of you have got a copy of this coin keep it. However bad its condition may be, treasure it up as great spoil, and hand it down to your children, and your grandchildren and their grandchildren. Tell your sons the history of this coin, and tell them to put their trust in God and never despair. This coin was probably put into its miry bed about the year 160 or 170, when Rome had its foot on the neck of Britain. It was taken out in the year 1876. What had happened in the interval? Britain had lifted up her shield, had grasped her spear, and achieved her liberties.

The Roman taught the stubborn knee to bow
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend it now.

But more than this: by the pursuit of the peaceful arts and obedience to the behests of the Governor among the nations, Britain has become a prince among the nations, and a blessing to the world; and Queen Victoria, who is seated upon the throne of her people's affections, wields a sceptre which is owned by an empire three times as great as Cæsar ever claimed. Among the later emperors whose coins we find at the lower part of the reservoir are those of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, who became joint emperors on the death of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 161. Amongst the coins of the find is one having on the obverse the head of Verus, and on the reverse the two Emperors, robed, standing and holding each other by the hand. The legend is CONCORDIA AUGUSTORUM. The coin was struck A.D. 161, and was intended to show the amity which existed between the two Governors. Verus died A.D. 169, but his

colleague, Marcus Aurelius, lived until A.D. 180. Amongst the coins there are many bearing on the obverse the heads of two ladies; the one is Faustina, the wife of Antoninus Pius, and the other also named Faustina, the daughter of the former, and the wife of Aurelius. They were both very beautiful ladies, but not so pure in their morals as ladies should be. The mother has her hair knotted on the top of her head, and the daughter at the back. Most of these coins were struck after the death of the ladies, when they were supposed to have passed into the region of the skies, and to have become deities. On the obverse of some of them is the inscription DIVA FAVSTINA—the goddess Faustina. In some a veil is drawn over the back of the lady's head. On the obverse of some there is a full-robed female in a contemplative mood, with the word ETERNITAS running round the rim. On others there is a full figure of the departed lady in the attributes of Juno, with a peacock at her feet; and in this case the inscription is IYNONI FAVSTINAE AVG. The whole of the coins in the earlier series are such as we might expect to find in circulation in the reigns of Aurelius and Verus. Another very large find of coins, though not nearly so numerous as this, was found last century near to the Roman station of Rutchester-on-the-Wall, about eight miles west of Newcastle. That find, with the exception of a few consular coins, begins with the reign of Nero, and ends with that of Marcus Aurelius. The latest coin bears date A.D. 168. In this latter case I have no doubt that the coins were hid in the place where they were found at the time of a disastrous invasion of the mural region early in the reign of Commodus, the son of Aurelius. As we approach the upper part of the tank at Procolitia, we find some coins of Severus and his family and of other emperors coming shortly after him, but they are not numerous. The coins at the top of the reservoir consist chiefly of those of Constantine and his immediate predecessors and successors. At this period of the Empire art had declined, and the coins are bad in design, execution, and material. The theory generally adopted to account for this enormous mass of Roman money in the well, is that it had been deposited piece by piece as an offering to the goddess COVENTINA, who was supposed to preside over it. Another theory is, that the money had been hid here on two different occasions when the enemy were coming down in overwhelming numbers. Until we have ascertained all the facts of the case, it is perhaps too early to indulge in speculation. I have now done. My design has been simply to enable those who possess copies of the coins to know what to look for upon them, and how to value them. Now that you have got a town hall and a library you cannot do better than begin the careful study of that remarkable people whose coinage has recently come into such extensive circulation among you. You will find that knowledge is of more value even than the coinage of Queen Victoria's mint.

John Clayton, Esq., of Chesters, gave a very elaborate description of the altars found at the above place before a meeting of the Antiquarian Society, at Newcastle. After mentioning that he had discovered in the well Samian ware, glass, horns, vases, brooches, rings, dice, and other objects, including 24 Roman altars and a votive tablet offered by the Praefet of the Seventh Cohort of Batavian Aurelianus, to which tablet the date of Antoninus Pius was ascribed, he said :—"It is possible, and, indeed, probable, that the First Batavian Cohort should have been at Procolitia in the reign of Antoninus Pius. This cohort was, doubtless, one of the three Batavian cohorts, which, with two Tungrian cohorts under Julius Agricola, fought and won the battle of the Grampian Hills, A.D. 84 (see Tacitus' Life of Agricola, cap. xxxvi.). We next hear of this cohort as one of the cohorts in the army of Aulus Platorius Nepos (the general employed in building the wall), to which Hadrian, in the fourth year of his reign, A.D. 124, granted the right of Roman citizenship and liberty to marry (see "Lapidarium Septentrionale, p. 7). It is probable that the first Batavian cohort was placed about this period in garrison at Procolitia, and experience of the Roman practice in other stations has shown us that the Romans treated the troops at the stations on the Wall as military colonies; and we find, from an inscription found within the walls of Procolitia, that the First Cohort of Batavians was there in the reign of Maximinus, A.D. 233 (see "Lapidarium Septentrionale," No. 157), and that the same cohort was in the same place at the date of the Notitia Imperii, A.D. 400.

This tablet is inscribed to a goddess whose name is un-recorded on the roll of Roman divinities. On it the goddess is represented as floating on the leaf of a gigantic water lily, and waving in her right hand a branch of palm. On one of the altars, described below, she is called Dea Nympha, and it is therefore clear that this goddess was a water deity, which is confirmed by the representation of her attendants on the statue of the three Naiads, and the existence of a well or reservoir for water within the walls of her temple. Whether the goddess Coventina was a British goddess, or a goddess imported by the Roman soldier, is a question not easily decided, nor can any satisfactory derivation be found for her name. She was probably a local deity to whose name a Roman termination has been given, as in the case of the god of the Brigantes Cocidius, for whose name we do not attempt to find a derivation. It has been suggested from a quarter entitled to weight, that the name of the goddess Coventina may be derived from Convenæ, a people of Aquitania, a country of springs, and addicted to the worship of water deities. It must be observed that no troops of Convenæ have been in the Roman service in Britain, though a cohort of Aquitani, of which the Convenæ might form part, have left a record of their presence at Procolitia, in the reign of Hadrian.

With respect to the contents of this reservoir, the general

opinion of antiquaries is, they have all been offerings to the goddess. This proposition is not, however, without its difficulties. The rust of an enormous deposit of copper would very soon spoil the water, and it would scarcely be deemed complimentary to the goddess to commence the deposit by throwing into the well her own image and superscription on the votive tablet. Possibly its weight gave it the low position which it occupied, but that would not apply to two of the smallest altars to the goddess which were lying by its side.

Another theory is that the Romans, weary of the new goddess, and satisfied that her worship was

“*Vana superstitio veterumque ignara deorum,*”

shut off the water, and applied to utilitarian purposes the reservoir which had contained it. The position of this structure outside the walls of the Fortress of Procolitia, the accumulation of coins of an early period, as well as those of later dates of Roman occupation, would seem to be inconsistent with the theory, unless it can be accounted for by the state of disquietude in which the garrison of this line of fortification must have lived, attended with occasional abandonment of their quarters, and occasional concealment of valuables which could not be easily removed.

This vast collection of copper, or in the language of numismatists, brass coins, with the exception of three or four dozen which have lain in clay, are so much corroded as to render it very difficult to identify them. Amongst those of the earlier period, the coins of Hadrian and of his successors, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, and their respective wives, greatly preponderate, and there is an unusual number of the coins of Antoninus Pius, having Britannia on the reverse. The earliest coin which has been identified is of the reign of Claudius, A.D. 42, and it is expected that the series will end, as has happened in the stations of Cilurnum and Borcovicus, with Gratian, A.D. 382. Though in this vast quantity, as yet unexplored, there may be found both earlier and later coins, three gold coins and some silver coins have been met with, which cannot have been part of the deposit; they have probably been accidentally lost by the curators of the copper treasury.

Let us now proceed to the examination of the inscriptions, which indicate various degrees of skill and education in the sculptors. We will begin with the inscriptions on two very curious vases or cups of earthenware, which appear to have been offerings of Saturninus Gabinus to the goddess Coventina. The letters are distributed over the panels of each vase. From the letters on one of them (No. 1) we collect the following inscription:—

COVETINA AGVSTA VOTV
MANIBVS SVIS SATVRNINVS
FECIT GABINIVS.

It would appear from this inscription that the dedicator made the vase with his own hands. Whatever may be thought of the skill of Saturninus Gabinus as a manufacturer, his orthography is

palpably defective. He gives to the goddess the title of Augusta, of which several precedents exist in the Nymphæum, or Temple of the Water Deities at Nismè, the goddess addressed being styled Nympha Augusta.

The inscription on the vase No. 2 is a barbarous abbreviation of the inscription on vase No. 1; and as Professor Hubner observes, the dedicator (Saturninus Gabinus) must have been content to explain his intentions by the inscription on vase No. 1, or he must have placed unlimited faith in the intelligence of the goddess; and at any rate if No. 1 had been destroyed No. 2 would have been utterly unintelligible.

The lettering and the reading of the votive tablet and of the several altars bearing inscriptions, so far as they are legible, remain to be dealt with. More than one-half of the whole number of altars found have either had no inscription or the inscriptions have been wholly worn out or defaced. The votive tablet on which the goddess is represented as floating on the leaf of a water lily, and waving a branch of palm, has the following inscription:—

DEAE
COVENTINAE
T.D COSCONIA
NVS PR COH
I BAT L M

which may be read:—"Deæ Coventinæ Titus Domitius Cosconianus Præfectus Cohortis primæ Batavorum libens merito." The lettering is perfect. The use of a double V in the name of Coventina is a peculiarity. Altar No. 1—

DEAV SANCT
COVENTINE
VINCENTIVS
PRO SALVTE SVA
V.S.L.M.D.

Reading: "Deæ Sanctæ Coventinæ Vincentius pro salute sua votum solvens libentissime merito dicavit." This is the only example of the use of O as the vowel in the second syllable of Coventina. The use of E instead of Æ in the dative case in the name of the goddess frequently occurs in these inscriptions. Altar No. 2—

DEAE NIM
FÆ COVEN
TINE MA D
VHVS GERM
POS PRO SE ET SV
VS LM

Reading: "Deæ Nymphæ Coventinæ Manlius Duhus Germanus posuit pro se et suis votum solvens libens merito." The spelling of the sculptor of this altar is barbarous. The addition of nymphæ to the title of goddess is evidence of her aquatic attributes. Altar No. 3—

DIE COVE
NTINAE A
VBELIVS
GEOTVS
GERMAN

Reading : "Deæ Coventinæ Aurelius Grotus Germanus." The use of I in place of E, and of E instead of Æ in the word Deæ is a barbarism. Altar No. 4—

DI I A I I
CONVENTI
NAE BELLICVS
VSLMP

Reading : "Deæ Coventinæ Bellicus votum solvens libens merito posuit." The letters E in the word DEAE are each represented by two down strokes, a singularity which sometimes occurs in Roman inscriptions, and on this altar the goddess is called Coventinæ, a peculiarity which is probably due to the ignorance of the sculptor. Altar No. 5—

DEAE CO
VENTINE
COH I CVBE
RNORVM

Reading : "Deæ Coventinæ Cohors Prima Cugernorum." The First Cohort of the Cugerni (a people of Belgic Gaul), was one of the auxiliary cohorts serving in Britain in the Roman army. An illiterate sculptor has used a B instead of a G. There are two lines more on this altar, bearing probably the name and rank of the commanding officer of the cohort, but the letters are too indistinct to admit of a satisfactory reading. Altar No. 6—

DAE COVEN
T. NOMATE
VS VSLM

Reading : "Deæ Coventinæ Nomateus votum solvit libens merito." This altar has on its front a female face, and the peculiarity of a square focus. Altar No. 7—

DE CONVE
NT
OPTIO CH
.....

This altar is very much defaced, and the reading in some measure conjectural, except that it was dedicated to the goddess Coventina by an officer of the rank of optio, or lieutenant. Altar No. 8—

DEAE CO
VETNE GR
OTVS VTIB
ES SLV PRO
SA

Reading : "Deæ Coventinæ Grotus Utibes solvit libens votum pro salute." This altar has been very unskillfully executed by the sculptor, and there must be considerable uncertainty as to the reading of the inscription.

There are two more inscribed altars dedicated to the goddess Coventina, but they are so much defaced that the inscriptions, beyond the name of the goddess, cannot be satisfactorily read.

The only remaining inscribed altar found in this reservoir is a small altar dedicated to Minerva, by a Roman soldier, bearing the name of Venico ; the lettering of which is evidently not the work of a man of letters.

DIE M
INER
VE VE
NICO
PR S
POS S V

The reading would seem to be "Deæ Minervæ Venico pro salute posuit solvens votum."

This seems to be a fit opportunity of bringing before this society another altar dedicated to Minerva, which, since the publication of the "Lapidarium Septentrionale," has been found in the Station of Procolitia. It is a large, well shaped altar, and the lettering is good.

MINERVAE
Q VNIAS
PR COH CI
VSLM

Reading :—"Minervæ Quintus Unias Præfectus Cohortis Civium votum solvit libens merito." The auxiliary cohorts in the Roman service frequently add to their title that of Cives Romani, having received from the Emperor the grant of citizenship ; but there is no example found in Britain of a cohort styled cohors civium Romanorum. Several examples have been found on the continent. In the present case we have a cohort styled simply cohors civium. Perhaps this may be regarded as an example of the cohors urbana holding an intermediate position between regular troops and an armed police.

HEXHAM:
PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE,
BLACK BULL YARD.



